

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 146 (2306).—VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

REVIEWS.

STANLEY'S EASTERN CHURCH.*

THE volume before us consists of certain lectures which Professor Stanley delivered in the University of Oxford, from the chair of Ecclesiastical History. It is not our intention to pass an *ex cathedra* judgment on an *ex cathedra* work. When a man like Dr. Stanley delivers the result of his learning, thought, and travel, on subjects which he has made peculiarly his own, the duty of the hebdomadal critic becomes considerably simplified. He will endeavour to chronicle those results with as little admixture as may be of his own gleanings. He will be glad if in any degree he can be an interpreter between a great intellectual chief and the multitudes who are not directly brought within the range of his influence. In the present instance, differing from the edition of the Epistles to the Corinthians, differing from the Canterbury Sermons, this volume is not addressed to an esoteric class. It contains all the elements necessary to ensure a wide-spread and lasting popularity. Professor Stanley tells a story of some Russian peasants, who, passing by and seeing a conversation going on in a foreign language, exclaimed in astonishment, "Look at these people; they are making a noise, and yet they cannot speak!" The story has an obvious moral, which our author indicates in a characteristic way. "Very similar to this is the way in which, as a general rule, we regard, almost of necessity, the Eastern Churches generally. To us, with whatever merits of their own, they are dumb. Their languages, their customs, their feelings, are unknown to us. We pass by, and see them doing or saying something wholly unintelligible to us, and we say, 'Look at those people; they are making a noise, and yet they cannot speak.'" The public will be anxious to hear Dr. Stanley, as he deciphers these strange signs and interprets that unknown tongue. Eastern questions loom large as ever before us. Russian history, to which a considerable section of the volume is devoted, has a great, and, every day, a growing importance. The public will at once recognize in all their freshness the old merits of their old favourite. We have the same brilliancy of illustration, the same pictorial effects; the fine touches of humour, the natural tone of pathos; the transparent clearness of the narrative, the musical cadence of the sentence. We were glad to recognize in the preliminary matter of the book the three noble lectures with which Dr. Stanley inaugurated his professorial career. The body of the work itself does not aim, or profess to aim, at any completeness. The Lectures are graphic sketches, more or less adequate, of wonderful men and important epochs. But Dr. Stanley abundantly indicates the sources from which each necessary ellipse may be satisfactorily supplied. In addition to maps and chronological tables, there are most useful and suggestive references to books, which, to those who have leisure to follow up the tracks here indicated, will be of inestimable advantage. To this classification the chapters on the Council of Nicaea are an exception. They are most carefully written, after an exhaustive study of all the authorities. They might form a con-

spicuous section of an original and voluminous work on this period of ecclesiastical history. Although it has been described on innumerable occasions, that famous assembly is here depicted with a fulness, an accuracy, a life-like reality, which we do not find in any of the professed historians, not in Mosheim, not in Gieseler, not in Neander. The last division of the volume—the lectures on the Russian Church—also possess a peculiar value of their own. Nowhere else could we find so much compendious information conveyed with so much thoughtful wisdom, and in so attractive a garb. The intermediate portion of the work consists of an essay on Constantine, an essay on Athanasius, an essay on Mahometanism. These are brilliant historical and ecclesiastical essays, which Macaulay might have written if Macaulay had been a Canon of Christ Church and a Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

The Introductory Essays give an account of the principles which have guided Dr. Stanley in the composition of the volume and his discharge of the duties of his office. They are principles applicable not only to ecclesiastical history, but to all history; not only to theological students, but to all reading and thinking men. Much wise advice to all students is here and there incidentally conveyed. For instance, Dr. Stanley tells us, "Great works and full works—not small works and short works—are in the end the best economy of time as well as of everything else." At this time, when short cuts to knowledge are everywhere being contrived; when cheap histories are compiled by inferior men for fourth-rate publishers; when the grand old massive historical classics are neglected by men who are unable or unwilling to give them the requisite mental attention, perhaps the vulgar consideration of practical economy will be effectual with those who would not be influenced by a loftier class of motives. Here is another practical counsel, which holds good not only for religious chiefs, but for all men who have left their impress upon the world's history:—"Take them, not in the passion of youth, not in the heat of controversy, not in the idleness of speculation, but in the presence of some great calamity, or in the calmness of age, or in the approach of death." We now pass away from these introductory lectures, strenuously recommending their repeated perusal—and probably many of our readers have been familiar with them for years—to the strictly new part of the work.

The first of these Lectures, correctly speaking, is a condensation of a course of lectures. It is concerned with the Divisions, the Epochs, the Characteristics, the Lessons of the Eastern Church. The difference between the Eastern and Western Church is strongly brought out. The East is rhetorical, the West is logical; the East is philosophical, the West is legal; the East is speculative, the West is practical; the East is stationary, the West is missionary. Multiplied points of distinction are brought out with rapidity and clearness. The traveller who passes from a Greek to a Roman Catholic church, has a very similar feeling to him who passes from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant church. This is the effect of their gaudy and barbaric pomp. After all, the Iconoclasts have their chambers of imagery. He who would have a shudder for a statue and scorn for a bas-relief, will perform his genuflections, in a cloud of incense, before a painting. Nevertheless, the religious annals of the East are free from the red lines of persecution. There is no Pope; there is no organized hierarchy; the laity are independent; the Scriptures are read in the vernacular; the clergy are not only allowed to marry, but marriage before

ordination is, for parish priests, absolutely necessary. Thus we find differences where we should most expect agreement, and agreement springing up in the midst of differences. We have a Protestantism in the midst of Catholicism, a Catholicism in the midst of Protestantism.

The brief account which Dr. Stanley gives of the Abyssinian Church, chiefly from Harris and from Neale, is in the highest degree interesting and picturesque. It appears, as Mr. Neale tells us, that these remarkable people recognize Pontius Pilate as a saint, inasmuch as he washed his hands and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just man." Dr. Stanley may well call this branch of the Coptic Church the extreme type of Oriental ultramontaniam. With the exception of the mission of the Jesuits, ever since the fourth century this Church has been cut off from communication with the West. There are singular remains of Jewish and Egyptian ritual. The polygamy of the ancient Jews still lingers. Dancing still forms part of their ritual, as in the old Temple service; the "sinew that shrank" is still forbidden; the Jewish Sabbath as well as the Lord's Day is observed; the likeness of the Ark is the centre of their worship. Harris describes Abyssinia as the most singular compound of vanity, meekness, and ferocity; of devotion, superstition, and ignorance. It is the only instance on record of a Christian Church among a nation of savages; if, indeed, this thinnest residuum of religion permits the appellation of a Christian Church. It is very remarkable, as exemplifying the leavening power of Christianity even in the most debased forms, that her station is still high among African nations, and that our European civilization might be applied with the best ultimate results.

The method adopted by Dr. Stanley in preparing his account of the Council of Nicaea, is well deserving of notice among all those who propose to investigate any period of history. We may insist, in passing, that the very best way to study history, is to investigate in detail some particular period. The manner in which Dr. Stanley groups his authorities, is, in itself, highly instructive. First of all, we have a collection of the original documents, as given in Mansi's *Councils*, the *Analecta Nicæna*, and elsewhere. Next, we have the testimony of eye-witnesses, Eusebius of Caesarea, Athanasius the Great, Eustathius of Antioch, a certain Auxano, who was present as a boy, and certain old people who were alive in the time of Jerome. Thirdly, we have the regular church historians of the next generation. Fourthly, we have historians of a later date, such as Gelasius in the fifth century, Eutychius in the tenth, Nicephorus in the fifteenth. Lastly, we have the modern historians, ranged under the heads of English, German, and French. Moreover, we have all the scenery of the spot described with picturesque detail, and after a personal inspection. Dr. Stanley tells us how, one month of May some years ago, he descended "in the moonlight of an early morning, from the high wooded steep of one of the mountain-ranges of Bithynia." Through the breaking mists he saw the solitary church of Nicaea; saw the wilderness of broken columns, tangled thickets, ruined mosques crowned by the stork, bird of desolation; saw the Ascanian lake, with its western inlet to the sea of Marmora; saw the green chestnut woods bursting into foliage, and, afar off, snowy Olympus brooding over the calm scene. He proceeds to rear the prostrate towers and to re-people the voiceless solitudes. The long procession of skeletons that had stalked through the pages of ecclesiastical history,

* Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church; with an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. (London: Murray.)

gathers flesh and blood and human aspect; there has been a stirring of the dust; they stand up, an exceeding great army, upon their feet.

As an account of the pure history of the Council these pages are unrivalled; the relation of the Council to the history of dogmatic theology will probably be best sought for elsewhere. This earliest of the œcumenical councils is also the greatest. This position it owes in great measure to the character of those who met at Nicæa. The assembly might be called a council of saints and confessors. They could point to very positive evidence of great things achieved and suffered for the faith. Limbs hacked by torture-weapons, and blind sockets from which the living eyes had been scooped out by the sword, were evidences of constancy, endurance, heroism, before the Cross in the clouds brought an imperial convert to their aid. Generally speaking, Dr. Stanley is not impressed with any undue reverence for councils. He reminds us that the Council of Constantine burnt John Huss, and that at the second Council of Ephesus the Right Reverend the Bishop of Constantinople was trampled down and stamped to death by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Alexandria. Had he dwelt longer on the Council of Trent, he might have indefinitely multiplied circumstances of scandal. Even in reference to this Council of Nicæa he remarks, that "common-sense is, after all, the supreme arbiter and corrective even of œcumenical councils." The chapter on the Emperor Constantine, of course, belongs in strictness to this portion of the volume.

The reader will find it an advantage to comply with Dr. Stanley's hint, and read Gibbon's twenty-first chapter, in connection with the article on Athanasius. We are told the legend how the Bishop Alexander, from his tower overlooking the sea, saw some children gravely playing on the shore; how they were enacting a baptism, and had a boy-bishop; how Alexander held that the rite was valid, and himself added the consecrating oil of confirmation; and how he took the little Athanasius under his own especial charge. An Eastern proverb attests to what repute the great champion of orthodoxy arose:—"Whenever you meet with a sentence of Athanasius," was a saying of the sixth century, "and have not paper at hand, write it down upon your clothes." St. Athanasius, we are told, was not the author of the Athanasian Creed: it is of French or Spanish origin. Dr. Stanley has given a specimen of the Athanasian powers of invective. The Arians are "devils, anti-christs, maniacs, Jews, polytheists, atheists, dogs, wolves, lions, hares, chameleons, hydras, eels, cuttlefish, gnats, beetles, leeches." Some of these terms might, perhaps, with advantage be imported into the somewhat worn-out language of modern polemical abuse. It would be refreshing to find the editor of the *Record* saluting the editor of the *Union* as a cuttlefish and a beetle. It might be equally effective with O'Connell crushing the fishwoman by calling her an obtuse-angled triangle and an equilateral parallelogram.

Our limits prevent our entering, with any approach to detail, on the latter part of this valuable book, comprising the lecture on Mahometanism, and the four concluding lectures on the Russian Church. Dr. Stanley expresses the want of a new translation of the Koran. We are glad to be in a condition to state that this want will probably be shortly supplied. We have already alluded to the Russian veneration for pictures; Dr. Stanley describes this as the main support of their faith and practice; "it is like the rigid observance of Sunday to a Scotchman, or the *auto da fê* to an ancient Spaniard,

or fasting to a Copt, or singing hymns to Methodists." Presbyterians and Methodists will feel flattered by this comparison. The Russian religion, so to speak, concentrates itself at the Kremlin. Within its walls is Ivan's Cathedral, "pagoda on pagoda, cupola on cupola, staircase upon staircase, pinnacle on pinnacle—red, blue, green, and gold, chapel within chapel, altar above altar." "Day by day he sat to watch its completion, and when it was completed, put out the eyes of the architect, that no finer work might ever be executed." We have a characteristic sketch of Peter the Great, which may be compared with Lord Macaulay's finished delineation, almost the last study of the great word-artist. Dr. Stanley repeats, without vouching for the anecdote, that Peter loaded two vessels with works of Dutch theology, to enlighten his Russian subjects. Here, again, is another of those humorous touches with which the pages of ecclesiastical history certainly do not over-abound. A sect of bigoted Russian dissenters declared that they would sooner part with their heads than their beards. "You had better not," said the wise Demetrius: "God will make your beards grow again: will He ever make your heads grow again?" But we must resolutely close these fascinating pages. One thought, however, occurs. Why should Dr. Stanley now write Czar, and now write Tsar? Why should it be S. Peter, and yet St. Petersburg? The spelling is immaterial, but it should be uniform.

Yet must we notice that peculiar spirit that stamps every page of this book, that peculiar doctrine which is more largely insisted upon than any other doctrine: the spirit of Catholicity, the doctrine of Toleration. In summoning the men of the past to the historic bar, our author is ever a righteous and merciful judge; but he is almost bigoted against bigotry, almost intolerant towards intolerance. "Mellitus and his party belong to that prying, meddlesome, intolerant class, who, least of all men, have a right to claim toleration at the hands of their opponents, or at the hands of posterity." It is not "a term of unmixed eulogy to be called orthodox. It is a term which implies, to a certain extent, narrowness, fixedness, perhaps even hardness of intellect and deadness of feeling; at times rancorous animosity." Dr. Stanley, we should say, on several occasions quotes with approbation the *Essays and Reviews*, not with any expressed approval of the unhappily distinctive features of that system of theology, unless in one particular; but courageously bearing witness to the learning, thought, sincerity of Dr. Temple and Mr. Jowett. One sentence is a little unfortunately worded. Dr. Stanley is speaking of the uniform style and expression of the Koran. "It is in this respect as the Old Testament might be if it were composed of the writings of the single prophet Isaiah or Jeremiah; or the New Testament, if it were composed of the writings of the single apostle St. Paul." The achievements of human obtuseness are such, that we should not be surprised if 'orthodox' people should imagine that the False Prophet is bracketed with the True, which, on the surface, is not Dr. Stanley's meaning. Our author is not without a sly humour, which occasionally peeps out in gentle satire. He tells with evident glee how the Russian Church was rent on the momentous question, whether the benediction should be given with three fingers or two. This almost embodies Swift's inimitable satire, when Gulliver's island is at war on the question of the egg being cracked at the big end or the little end. Macaulay, in an Oriental fable composed at college, has happily made use of the idea. "Merolchizar, the high-priest, muttered some-

thing about the anger of the gods at the toleration shown to an impious sect of heretics, who ate pigeons broiled; 'whereas,' said he, 'our religion commands us to eat them roasted. Now, therefore, O King, give command to thy men of war and let them smite the disobedient people with the sword, them and their wives and their children, and let their houses and their flocks and their herds be given to thy servants the priests.'

The value of this spirit of Dr. Stanley's, as reactionary against so much that has been inhuman, unphilosophical, unchristian in the orthodox defenders of dogmatic theology, is very great. There is a growing disposition among those who claim that their side of the shield is golden, to admit that their opponents may see a side of silver. Light, according to the varying medium through which it comes, stains the marble with crimson, with orange, or with gold. "Quiequid recipitur ad modum recipientis recipitur," was the scholastic saying of Boethius. Both the metaphor and the maxim mean the same thing. But while Dr. Stanley admits this agreement under seeming difference, he also points out the converse, which we must mournfully accept—the substantial difference that often lurks under seeming agreement. It is as well that we should bear this in mind. While reading Dr. Stanley, we are often in an atmosphere where the sharp outlines of things are lost in the soft haze of gentle charity. These may be ever clearly present to his own mind, but this is not the case with those whose reading has not been deep, and whose minds are not matured. Such may soon arrive at a point where Catholicism becomes Universalism, and liberality becomes latitudinarianism. When Dr. Stanley tells the story of the Fingers of Benediction, and summons Romanist, Anglican, Presbyterian, to listen to it, an unthinking admirer will perhaps imagine that the points of difference between the Churches of Rome, England, and Geneva are about as important as whether three fingers should be held up or two, or whether the egg should be cracked at the little end or at the big end. From the idea of the church militant, he will carefully extract the idea of militant. To men of earnest feelings and positive convictions, this excessive breadth of view will perhaps cause some measure of misgiving. Although the truth must be spoken in love, and this is the latest lesson which as yet we have only imperfectly learnt, still the truth must be spoken. Earnestly to contend sometimes becomes a duty. There is no part of Dr. Stanley's work on the apostolical age which dwells longer on the memory than the portion relating to St. John. Yet, even the beloved disciple, whose cry for fire from heaven melted into some of the tenderest tones to which the world has ever listened, uses at times the very clear language of denunciation.

After all, the forms of Eastern life are stereotyped, and its language is monotonous. We are glad that our author is about to return to the history of the Western Churches. Undoubtedly it has been good for himself, good, too, for those who follow in his steps, to have made this pilgrimage to the churches of the East. Some critics have held that Burke owed the extraordinary amplitude of his mind to the Oriental influences which he derived from the Hastings episode. Certainly a man who has been only trained in Occidental literature must contemplate subjects of universal interest from a partial point of view. Such subjects are then seen in only some of their aspects. No completeness of view can be ensured without the knowledge of Oriental speculation. The tendency of such a work as the one before us, is

materially to assist towards this unity and completeness. Canon Stanley has always made the ecclesiastical history contained in the Bible the chief subject of his lectures—a course which has perhaps excited sometimes a little cavil, a little surprise, but for which his students have chiefly reason to be thankful. Next to this he purposes to direct his attention to the ecclesiastical history of our own country. We earnestly trust that a better issue will be vouchsafed to his designs than has happened to kindred aspirations. The same was Mr. Conybeare's plan, which he never fulfilled; and something very similar was Macaulay's splendid purpose. Circumstances and his own genius have made Dr. Stanley, both at Oxford and in London, a great power in the Church. His employment upon a national theme would give him a wider influence with the thoughtful public of the country. But to such, his pages will always be wanting in a certain subtle charm, with which they will be invested to those who can remember or can imagine the original delivery of these Lectures. All men may profit by the result of so much learning and genius. But those whose good fortune it has been to have been brought within the direct range of his teaching, will have their recollections of a suggestive wisdom more valuable than any learning, a real kindness more touching than any eloquence.

ROME IN 1860; AND ROMAN CANDLES.*

ROME, though she is no longer in any sense whatever the mistress of the world, is, at the present moment, the spot upon which the eyes of Europe are fixed. The fortunes of the city of Romulus have been as various as the manifold vicissitudes of some human lot. She was first dreaded for her material power; then she was venerated for her spiritual power; and now she stands neither dreaded nor venerated, but pitied. Like some human being, after the strength of youth has passed away, and after the gravity of mature years has degenerated into senile dotage, the prolongation of existence seems neither desirable nor possible. We mean the prolongation of existence as a distinct State, or as a power aloof and apart from that of Italy. What Rome may become, or what place she may be made to fill in the reconstruction of the great peninsular kingdom, it is impossible at this juncture to predict or even conjecture. One thing is plain—that the present phase of her strange career is swiftly and inevitably passing away. We must seize every occasion of ascertaining and registering the chief features of this phase, that we may be able the sooner to know that which will or which should come after it.

Mr. Dicey's volume—a republication, by the way, of certain letters contributed by him to the *Leader* during the past year—appears most opportunely at the present time. It may be considered to depict a state of things which is doomed; and as we listen with interest to the narrative of a great man's last hours, so we are naturally curious to learn after what fashion the decaying papacy in Rome is preparing finally to give up the ghost. Mr. Dicey's *Rome in 1860* will be a parallel, in one respect, to Arthur Young's *Travels in France*. It is the picture of a worn-out régime tottering to destruction. The mention of such a parallel makes us lament that Mr. Dicey, or some one else, has not been at the pains to give to the world a true account of the real condition of contemporary Italy, as far-seeing and as phi-

losophical as the description of contemporary France by the old eighteenth-century traveller. Mr. Whiteside's work is certainly not without merit, but it will bear no comparison, in point of philosophic labour and insight, with Arthur Young's book on France. Neither, again, is Mr. Dicey's work without very considerable merit of a certain order; but its scope extends no further than Rome, and it does not pretend to enlighten us as to the state of the country outside Rome. Mr. Dicey is a literary photographer rather than a philosopher, and his power lies more in sharp delineation than in broad and instructive generalizations. His tone, too, is somewhat low; and he sets out an avowed Gallo, who cares for none of the old Roman associations, for none of Rome's ancient memories: he endeavours to reduce himself, as far as possible, to the condition of "a stranger, who, caring nothing and knowing nothing of the past, should enter Rome with only that listless curiosity which all travellers feel perforce when for the first time they approach a great capital." Mr. Dicey enters upon his task with sentiments similar to those which we should expect Mr. John Bright to entertain, if he were about to write a history of English aristocracy, or a handbook to the English cathedrals. Still, Mr. Dicey's work, though studiously avoiding everything like romance or poetry, and not aspiring to be philosophical, has a manifest worth of its own. It is a description which is truthful, if coarsely truthful; and it gives us a clear view of Rome as it now is, even if that view be somewhat prejudiced and one-sided. The style is vigorous and animated; and on the whole, the volume possesses a deep and, to a certain extent, a legitimate interest.

Some of the opinions expressed by Mr. Dicey, and expressed with weight and authority, are likely to throw new light upon the state of Rome, regarding which, no doubt, many erroneous views are commonly taken both in this country and in France. One of the most frequent and most fallacious of these opinions, according to the author of the volume before us, is, that the presence of the Papal court at Rome is, from a material point of view, a great advantage to the inhabitants of that city. The material benefits accruing to the Eternal City from the presence of his Holiness and the satellites of his Holiness, are as imaginary as the moral advantages supposed to arise from the vast numbers of religious functionaries who, in theory at least, are at once the teachers and the exemplars of a godly and moral life. The entire population of Rome is estimated at about a hundred and seventy thousand souls. Of these about ten thousand are in holy orders; so that, as Mr. Dicey strongly puts it, every sixteen lay citizens, men, women, and children, support a priest among them. One-seventeenth of the whole number of inhabitants is entirely unproductive. That any social system could thrive under such a crushing disproportion as this would be quite impossible. Let the writers in the *Tablet*, the Irish members, and all others who maintain that the presence of the Papal government is indispensable to the material prosperity, or even, as some of them hold, to the material sustenance of the Roman population, try to imagine how the material welfare of London would be improved if rather more than 170,000 people, being about a seventeenth of the number of inhabitants, were to refuse to work, and if the rest of the population were forced to produce enough to support this huge tribe of drones. The conclusion is plain and inevitable. Such a condition is a direct violation of every principle of political economy; and although the Pope and his defenders may look upon political economy as an unholy and diabolical science,

we may be quite sure that none the less on that account will they escape the consequences of infringing and outraging laws scientifically ascertained. Possibly the Holy Father may borrow Mr. Potter's immortal exclamation—"Well, what and if political economy is against us! we'll be against political economy!" We may pity the ignorance alike of the demagogue and of the infallible one; unhappily, both infallibility and the demagogue are mischievous in their ignorance.

There can be no doubt that if the Pope were to remove himself and his government away from Rome, the number of the clergy resident in the city would at once be greatly diminished, and the spiritual supply begin to bear some proportion to the spiritual demand. The numerous convents and other establishments favourable for harbouring the clergy would probably be at once suppressed, and a large proportion of those who at present infest the city like noxious vermin, would find their occupation—or rather their lack of occupation—gone. Many who, in the present condition of things, would enter holy orders, and so increase the useless horde, would, in case of the Pope's withdrawal, seek some more profitable, if less sanctified, calling, and Roman society would then stand some chance of attaining a new and healthy organization. At present Rome's own sons lie like a monstrous incubus upon her, and stifle all vitality and growth; then they would support and foster her with natural solicitude.

But, again, how can we expect any industrial development or material progress under a government, an eleventh part of whose revenue is derived solely from the profits of the lotteries? One-eleventh of the Pontifical income accrues from this most objectional source,—objectionable both in its direct and in its indirect influences. Even if there were no blanks, and everybody were sure to win, the prevalence of lotteries cannot fail to be most deleterious in its effects. It conceals from the minds of the people precisely that which it is most important for them to know, namely, that labour of some sort or other is the only sure, as it is the only legitimate, means of acquisition. So long as this is hidden from the poor of Rome, there can be little hope of ever raising them to opulence or contentment; for in every way this system of lotteries works most evilly. It leads to the squandering of such sums as may have been earned by labour, upon the meretricious charms of Chance; the imaginary possibility of gaining a large amount by a lucky draw, serves to damp all inclination for long and painful acquisition by years of toil; and we may see the unholy spectacle of a hierarchical government existing on the carefully fostered delusions of its wretched subjects. And not only does this hierarchical government keep up lotteries, but it keeps them up on entirely rotten principles. The hierarchical government not only deludes its subjects into lottery investments, but it cheats them even then. When the numbers you back actually turn up, you are robbed of seventy-five percent. of your winnings. Mr. Dicey says he would "sooner play thimble-rig at Epsom Downs, or dominoes with Greek merchants, or at 'three cards' with a casual and communicative fellow-passenger of sporting cast."

Priestly interference, as might be expected, is everywhere visible. No sale of books is permitted unless each volume has been submitted to clerical supervision. Hunting is forbidden, as being a dangerous amusement; and swearing, which so often accompanies hunting, is made to bear it company in exile, all usage of profane language being criminal. This priestly tyranny, in some of its aspects, is almost ludic-

* *Rome in 1860*. By Edward Dicey. (Macmillan: London and Cambridge.)
Roman Candles. (London: Chapman and Hall.)

crous. For instance, according to one decree, "all young men and women are strictly forbidden, under any pretext whatever, to give or receive presents from each other before marriage." A breach of this regulation was to be punished by fifteen days' imprisonment, during which time the offender was to support himself at his own expense, the presents being devoted to some pious purpose. The object of the decree, of which this is a leading clause, was to promote morality; though, to English notions, the connection between pre-nuptial gifts and immorality is not so evident as it appears to have been to Cardinal Cagliano, Bishop of Senigaglia, who published the decree in question. We have said that profane swearing is made criminal; and at the street-corners, we are told, exhortations against that vice are set up. "Yet, in spite of all this," says Mr. Dicey, "the amount of blasphemies that any common Roman will pour forth on the slightest provocation, is really appalling."

The frequency of violent crimes is only equalled by the unprecedented delay and caprice with which they are punished. Mr. Dicey gives an account of four murders, and of the trials of the respective murderers. In the case of the first of these, the Ronci murder, the crime was committed in November, 1856; the murderer was arrested on the night of its commission; he was not tried at all till May, 1858; he appealed; his final trial did not come off till May, 1859; and he was not executed until January, 1860. In another instance, a galley-slave, named Simonetti, having had some dispute with a fellow-slave, one Avanzi, although an arrangement had been come to that was apparently satisfactory, an hour and a half afterwards deliberately struck him across the neck with an axe, and caused almost instantaneous death. This crime was committed in July, 1859, and in spite of the man's unquestionable guilt, for he had struck the man in a room crowded with people, he so protracted the case by frivolous appeals, that he was not executed until the 21st of January in the year after the murder.

We turn from the grave and logical reprobation of the present government of Rome, which Mr. Dicey has done well to publish, to another work on the same subject, and leading to much the same conclusions, but differing widely in matter of treatment. *Roman Candles* is a reprint from *All the Year Round*. Of its style, from a literary point of view, we can only say, that it is most utterly vicious. Its principal characteristic is a gross and ludicrous imitation of the worst vices of Mr. Carlyle's style; and we cannot too strongly lament that a writer of such evident ability as the author of *Roman Candles* should think it necessary to clothe his thoughts and describe his observations in language which must be fatally repulsive to every reader of taste. Occasionally, too, the sentences are ungrammatical. For instance, we are told of the voyager, that "miasma rides behind him, like the horseman *Atrá Cura*." The horseman does not ride behind *Atrá Cura*, but *Atrá Cura* behind the horseman. Again, how will the author analyse such a sentence as the following?—

"Eating-houses, too, where rich fritters are eternally simmering, and a light wholesome supper of an artichoke exquisitely dressed, and a bit of bread for one halfpenny."

We cannot turn over a leaf without finding something as bad as this, and there is much that is even worse. For those who would see what the English tongue can come to, we make an extract:—

"And passing out into the open country, we

shall soon fall in with the sculptor's villa. Softly—softly—by the left here. What, down this alley, labelled 'VIA FONTANELLA'—'Wee Fountain-street?'—labelled, too, yet more conspicuously with 'IMMONDEZZAIO,' warning invariably taken in a non-natural sense; and here we are. Where? Where we are. I mean, where are we? At the sculptor's villa, yonder. Whose sculptor?—what villa? I mean, what sculptor—whose villa?

"An imposition. I can see no house, no hall door. No, but try one of those coach-house doors where the bolt is. Oh, grand désillusionnement! Arcadian villa swallowed up in a coach-house, and other very humblest order of architecture in use for those edifices. Were it only a nobility's or a Royal Mews, a noble expansive effort in the coach-house direction, largely Ruskinised or Owen Jonesed! It is very sad. It was not well of you, O my countryman, English Praxiteles!"

Besides having a detestable style, the author is either very careless or else very ignorant. He talks of the works of "the late *Edmund Gibbon, Esquire*" (p. 20), and again (p. 29), "of the cheeks of *Edmund Gibbon*, author of the *Decline and Fall* of this very city." As to the merit of the book, we will content ourselves with saying, that it is very far from covering or even extenuating the affectation and carelessness with which it is written.

LORD STANHOPE'S LIFE OF PITT.*

THE life of Mr. Pitt has been written by Bishop Tomline, with all the advantages which the bequest to him of Pitt's private papers may be supposed to have conferred. He was also Pitt's private tutor, and afterwards his private secretary; so that he had unusual opportunities of doing well what is always interesting even when done ill—of comparing the career of the statesman with the promise of the boy, and of diversifying the beaten highway of political narrative by excursions into private life. The Bishop, however, whether from sloth or from inability we will not determine, was not equal to the task, which indeed he only carried down to 1793, and it still remained for some gentleman of competent position and acquirements to write the life of William Pitt. We need not, we are sure, inform our readers that Lord Stanhope possesses both; and he has also a certain amount of new material, which will add to the value of the work when it is completed, though up to the period at which the second volume is concluded we have only, of what is new, Pitt's letters to his mother, which are nothing but brief communications such as busy men are in the habit of sending to relations, in the discharge of a family duty. His letters to his brother, which begin in 1794, promise to be more entertaining. But it is not, after all, this sort of thing to which we turn in a biography of Pitt. It is the man himself, standing out, like the rock in *Virgil*, immovable by a thousand storms, which exclusively occupies our attention. All those little anecdotes, half gossip, half history, which attract us in the life of Fox, and are the chief charm of epistolary correspondence, seem out of place when we concentrate our attention upon Pitt. What we, then, mainly require from his biographer is a succinct, well-written, well-informed, and impartial narrative; and that, we have very little doubt, we shall obtain from the author whom we are now reviewing.

Pitt was born on the 28th of May, 1759, at Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent, a country-seat

* *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt.* By Earl Stanhope. Author of the *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*. Vols. I. and II. (London: Murray.)

which had been purchased by his father, the great Lord Chatham. He seems, as a boy, to have given greater indications of his future eminence than most heroes. He was glad he was not the eldest son, because he wanted to speak in the House of Commons, like papa. Lady Holland, who saw him when he was quite a child, predicted that he would be "a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lived." He was, indeed, brought up to public life from his cradle, with as much care as a colt is educated for the Derby. Lord Chatham taught him elocution. His studies were so arranged as to give him at once the greatest amount of the philosophy of history with the greatest amount of facts. The four authors whom he is said to have preferred to all others were Thucydides, Locke, Lord Bolingbroke, and Paley. His father justly had no misgivings about his obtaining easy access to the House of Commons. After having made a show of settling down at the Bar, and expending the "frightful sum"—so he calls it—of eleven hundred pounds upon the lease of some chambers, he soon found his way into a more congenial atmosphere, and on the 23rd of January, 1781, took his seat in Parliament as member for Appleby: to which he had been nominated by Sir James Lowther, at the instance of his father's friend, the Duke of Rutland. He had previously contested the University of Cambridge, but found himself at the bottom of the poll.

At this period of his life Pitt, it seems, was very fond of field sports, and of country amusements in general. His earlier letters to his mother contain numerous allusions to shooting, though, to judge from an expression in one of them, he was not a remarkably good shot. He seems also to have liked fishing; and he was a constant rider upon horseback, though we find no trace of his being a fox-hunter. His addiction to port-wine, to whatever extent it really existed, is traceable probably to his having been ordered to drink it medicinally in large quantities. But the story that is often told about his getting rid of the effects of his indulgence behind the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, seems discredited by the language of Lord Stanhope, who attributes his sickness on the occasion to general ill health, and makes no allusion to the popular version of that incident.

At the time of Pitt's entry into Parliament, Lord North was Prime Minister, at the head of a strong Tory party which George III. had resuscitated. Opposed to him were, first, the regular old Whig party, under the leadership of Burke and Fox in the Commons, and Lord Rockingham in the House of Lords; and the remnant of the personal followers of Lord Chatham, who acknowledged Lord Shelburne as their chief. These two parties together were gradually beating down the Tory phalanx which supported the American war, and reducing its strength on each division. To the party of Lord Shelburne, Pitt of course naturally joined himself. He was too young to expect any share in the Administration of Lord Rockingham, which followed on the retirement of Lord North. But when, four months after that event, another change was rendered necessary by the death of Lord Rockingham, Pitt was at once offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer by Lord Shelburne, whom the King had entrusted with the formation of a new Ministry; so that shortly after the completion of his twenty-third year he found himself practically in the highest position which any English statesman can occupy—the leadership of the House of Commons. The attempt, however, of the Chatham party to stand upon their

own bottom was as hopeless as if, in 1852, the Peelites had attempted to form a Ministry to the exclusion of both Whigs and Tories. Both Shelburne and Pitt saw the utter weakness of their position, but they differed about the means of strengthening it. Shelburne, the more experienced of the two, conscious that he had taken office for the express object of saving George III. from the dictation of the great families, saw that Lord North, who had been Prime Minister for twelve years on exactly the same understanding, was the proper statesman to conciliate. Pitt, who overlooked this paramount circumstance, regarded him in no other light than as the upholder of the American war, and refused accordingly to sit with him in the same cabinet. In the meantime, North, who was rather inclined to Lord Shelburne, but was generally at the mercy of the first comer, had been securely limed by Fox; and when Shelburne at last sent to him, regardless of the sentiments of Pitt, he found that it was too late. In an evil hour for the fame and fortunes of both, North had consented to that nefarious combination with Fox which has ever since made the name of Coalition to stink in the nostrils of the English.

For the events of this period in detail, we may refer our subscribers to the review of Lord John Russell's *Life of Fox*, which appeared two years ago in these columns. It is sufficient to remind them now, that the Fox and North Coalition defeated the government of Lord Shelburne upon the terms of the Treaty of Versailles in February 1783, and that his Majesty was again left to the alternative of Hanover or "the Houses." After a long and bitter struggle, and not till the kingdom had been for six weeks without a ministry, the sturdy old king gave way, and the first Portland Administration took possession of Downing Street in the summer of 1783. His Majesty had entreated Mr. Pitt to try and rally his broken forces after the retreat of Lord Shelburne, and make head once more against the factions. But Pitt was young enough to wait. The pear, he saw, was not ripe yet; and he perhaps imagined that between the followers of North and Fox there was certain, ere long, to be a schism that would afford him a better opportunity. The opportunity, however, came sooner than Mr. Pitt expected it, but not in the way that he expected. The Coalition itself was recognized by the public as so flagrant a breach of political morality, that it required a very slight blunder on the part of government to set the House of Commons and the country at open war.

But, confident in their Parliamentary majority, the new allies seem to have overlooked the state of public opinion, and they ventured on a measure which was not a slight blunder, but a great one. The India Bill which they introduced not only showed a reckless disregard of vested rights, but would have placed the entire patronage of India in the hands of Mr. Fox for four years. The minister who got this would have a monopoly of office for the term of his natural life. The means of influence it would place at his command would be irresistible. So, at least, reasoned his contemporaries; and whether they were right or wrong, it might easily have been foreseen that they would so reason. The two objections together set the whole country against Fox, though he carried his Bill through the House of Commons by large majorities. But the state of public feeling enabled the King to secure its rejection in the Lords, and to dismiss Fox and North upon the strength of it.

Now came Pitt's opportunity. He at once took the place of Chief Minister, amid the de-

spondency of all his friends, and the open derision of his enemies. Fox and North felt perfectly certain of their speedy restoration to Downing Street. The King said Burke would not venture on "a penal dissolution," and most people agreed with Mrs. Crewe, that it would be only "a mince-pie Administration." But the mince-pies of Christmas '83 were made and eaten, and Mr. Pitt was not shaken in his seat. Pancakes had succeeded to mince-pies, and the Ministers were firmer than ever. On the 28th of February Pitt was presented with the freedom of the city of London, in a gold box. When he returned at night from dining with the Grocers' Company, his carriage was drawn by the artisans of London. As it passed up St. James's Street it was attacked by a mob in front of Brooke's Club, encouraged by the members of that establishment. But all in vain. Pitt's popularity increased daily. There was no longer any talk of stopping supplies or limiting the duration of the Mutiny Act. And at length, when the Coalition majority was reduced to one vote, Pitt saw, like Wellington at Waterloo, that the time for active measures had arrived, and announced the dissolution of Parliament. Even then, some under-strappers of the Whig party, frantic at the prospect now before them, strove to avert the evil day, if it might be but for a week's space; and, breaking into the Lord Chancellor's house, stole the Great Seal of England. But a new seal was immediately ordered to be prepared. Workmen sat up all night to have it ready by the appointed day, and the thieves got nothing by their crime. The dissolution came; and a hundred and sixty Whig members were displaced by the same number of Tories. These unhappy victims were long known by the title of Fox's martyrs.

It is not our intention to follow Lord Stanhope through all the events of Pitt's earlier administration. Its merits are universally acknowledged. The blessings he conferred upon the country are enumerated with generous candour, both by Lord John Russell and Macaulay. At the conclusion of the American war, Pitt found England with a grave deficiency in the revenue and without an ally in Europe. At the beginning of the French Revolution, that deficiency had been turned into a surplus, and England was firmly united with her two natural allies, Prussia and Holland. Concurrently with these results, taxation had been lightened, commerce had been freed from shackles, and peace had been everywhere preserved. Not a murmur was now raised against Tory government or royal influence. The worst that could be said against Pitt, was that he was obedient to the seventh commandment, and the only joke at his expense was that he had imposed a tax upon maid-servants. The only cloud which passed over this sunny period, was the King's illness in 1788. His recovery at one time appeared so doubtful, and the determination of the Prince of Wales to dismiss Mr. Pitt was so notorious, that the minister made every preparation for resuming his practice at the Bar. He would have left the Treasury as poor a man as he entered it. Sinecures that were considered the perquisites of office by the most honourable men of the day, Pitt had spurned from him with contempt. When his retirement appeared probable in 1788, the merchants of London subscribed £100,000, of which they begged his acceptance, but he peremptorily refused to touch a penny of it. Fortunately, however, for him, the crisis passed over without any other result than displaying his magnanimity to the world in the most conspicuous colours. The King recovered his health, and found no Regency in existence.

And now it was that the Whig leaders found how completely they had over-reached themselves. Had they assented at once to Pitt's proposed measure, the Prince of Wales would have been Regent before the King regained his health. But George III. often declared most positively that if, on his recovery, he had found a Regency appointed, he should have considered it equivalent to a Lunacy Bill, and have refused to resume the reins of power. The Whigs would have been in for life, and the defeat of Mr. Pitt final. But Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, by haggling over the restrictions with which Mr. Pitt thought it necessary to invest the authority of the Regent, protracted the consideration of the subject till a Regent had ceased to be required. Pitt's position was, that, during the incapacity of the King, the duty of providing for the discharge of the royal functions devolved upon the Houses of Parliament. Fox neither exactly admitted nor exactly denied this position. He asserted that the heir to the Crown had a legal right to the Regency; that no other person could exercise it; but that he must wait for Parliament to invite him to assume his new duties. The right of Parliament to impose restrictions on his authority he however totally denied. There was, indeed, one individual who went even further than this; and proposed to the Whig leaders that they should support the Prince in taking the Regency by the force of hereditary right. This was Lord Loughborough. But Fox had the good sense to reject such a doctrine as this; and it was lucky for Loughborough that his further persistence in it was stayed. Had it not been, Ministers, who were acquainted with his proposal, had resolved to commit him to the Tower.

Both Loughborough and Thurlow dishonoured themselves for ever during the transactions of this period. The former solemnly denied, before the assembled Peers, that he had ever made such a proposal. The latter, who had intrigued with the Prince of Wales up to the last moment that it was safe to do so, when the King's recovery became no longer doubtful, flew back at once to his old position, made the most passionate professions of loyalty in the House of Lords, and ended with the memorable words, "When I forget my King, may God forget me." The bystanders were agast at the perjury. Wilkes, who stood under the throne, made a characteristic comment too coarse to be repeated. "It's the best thing that could happen to you," said Burke. "Oh, what a rascal! oh, what a rascal!" exclaimed Pitt; and rushed out of the House in a perfect transport of disgust.

The day of thanksgiving at St. Paul's, for the restoration of the King to health, is regarded by Macaulay as the point at which the glory of Mr. Pitt culminated.—

"Quid illo cive tulisset
Naturæ in terris, quid Roma beatus unquam?"

—if he had then vanished from the scene, the most powerful and prosperous minister of the most powerful and prosperous of modern empires, when not yet thirty years of age? We, however, do not reason exactly in the same way. We agree with Lord Stanhope, that Pitt's arduous struggles during the second half of his administration are as truly glorious as the more peaceful achievements of his first ten years. And here at last we will allow Lord Stanhope to speak for himself:—

"At the time the first part of Pitt's administration was, as I have shown, inveighed against by Fox and Fox's friends on many grounds of censure, and with the utmost force of invective. At present, on the contrary, Fox's followers in politics seem rather inclined to represent it as free from blame—nay, even as entitled to praise. They reserve their fire to assail the position of Bishop Tomline as to

the 'wise and vigorous conduct of the war.' Thus it is almost exclusively the second part of Pitt's administration on which the more recent controversies turn. Two accusations of especial weight have been brought against it by Lord Macaulay.—ii. 186.

"In the first place, then, Pitt is accused of showing an undue severity. He is charged (let me give the very words) 'with harsh laws harshly executed, with Alien Bills and Gagging Bills, with cruel punishments inflicted on some political agitators, with unjustifiable prosecutions instituted against others.' These acts of the Legislative or of the Executive Powers may perhaps require to be separately judged. They will be seen and they may be estimated one by one in my subsequent pages. I by no means stand up for them all as carried into practical effect throughout the country. I do not conceive the fame of Mr. Pitt involved in every act of every Magistrate or every Judge. I do not even think it bound up with all the judicial decisions of Lord Chancellor Loughborough. In several cases, then, which the adversaries of this Government have held forth and selected out of many, I do not deny, and, on the contrary, intend to show, that the zeal of some men and the fears of others transported them beyond the bounds of right. But that is not the point which Lord Macaulay puts. He passes sentence on them together, and as a whole. Taken together, then, it may be asked—when, even at the outset of the struggle, such scenes occurred as I have commemorated, for example at Dundee—a tree of Liberty planted, and a cry of 'No King!' raised—when the frenzy of the Jacobins, like some foul infection, spread from shore to shore—when thousands upon thousands of well-meaning and till then sober-minded men were unhappily misled, and caught the fever of the times—when French gold was as lavishly employed to corrupt as were French doctrines to inflame—whether the same mild and gentle measures would still suffice as in mild and gentle times? It is the well-known saying of a Frenchman at that period active on the side of the new system, and zealous to excuse its excesses, that Revolutions are not to be made with Rose-water. This plea will not hold good for deeds of massacre and robbery, but in a more limited and lawful sense it must be acknowledged to have truth on its side. But if this be truth, surely it is full as true that Revolutions are not to be put down with Rose-water. There are times when new and unparalleled dangers are only to be met by rigorous and extraordinary stretches of power. There are times when the State could be saved by no other means.

"I may add that the view of the subject which I have just expressed was in thorough accordance with the temper of the times. This, I think, can scarcely in any quarter be denied. The great majority of the people of England in 1793 and 1794 felt everything that they most prized imperilled by the French Revolutionary school, and, far from deprecating, they demanded a course of most rigorous repression.

"But there is another charge no less heavy which the same critic, speaking of the same period, alleges. Pitt is accused of showing too little vigour. It is said that, 'since he did not choose to oppose himself side by side with Fox to the public feeling, he should have taken the advice of Burke, and should have availed himself of that feeling to the full extent. He should have proclaimed a Holy War for religion, morality, property, order, public law, and should have thus opposed to the Jacobins an energy equal to their own.' Let it, however, be remembered to what the policy of Burke in its full extent would lead. Look to his *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*. See how we might deduce from them the duty of making no terms with France unless the Bourbons were restored—of shunning as a pestilence such a pacification as we attempted at Lille, and actually achieved at Amiens. Surely that is not the course which a philosophic historian of the nineteenth century, writing with a clear view of the succeeding events, is prepared to recommend.

"Nor should it be forgotten that he who preaches a crusade stirs up not only the good but also the evil passions of a people. Had Pitt chosen to exchange the part of statesman for that of Peter the Hermit, he might no doubt have aroused in England a frenzy against the Jacobins almost equal to theirs

against priests and kings. But could this object have been effected without numerous outbreaks of that new frenzy—without such conflagrations of chapels and dwelling-houses as the political dissenters had already sustained at Birmingham? Would not, in such a case, the memory of Pitt be deeply tarnished with blood—blood, not shed in foreign warfare, but in strife and seditions at home?"—ii. 187-189.

Lord Stanhope then takes up the question of Pitt's military failures, and observes very truly, that during the first ten years of the Revolutionary war we had no generals. The eighteenth century had not been fruitful of military talent among the English. The war of the Austrian succession, and the war with the American colonies, had left an impression on the public mind which the single victory of Wolfe was not sufficient to counteract. It was supposed that we could not beat the French by land; and this persuasion, coupled with the generalship of the Duke of York, was quite sufficient to neutralize the most zealous exertions of the ministry. What they could do when well seconded by their officers was shown by Camperdown and St. Vincent, by the 1st of June, by the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Yet, while the blame of our military failures is thrown by Lord Macaulay upon the Premier, the glory of our naval successes is awarded to the First Lord of the Admiralty! The whole question is summed up by Lord Stanhope as follows:—

"If, then, it can be shown that Pitt, as Prime Minister, strove with unremitting toil by day and night for the success of that war in which he had reluctantly, but on a high sense of duty, engaged—if, in his plans, he consulted the most skilful officers in his power—if, in his diplomacy, he laboured to build up new coalitions when the first had crumbled away—if, for that object, he poured forth subsidies with a liberal hand, as his enemies alleged, a lavish hand—if he sought to strike the enemy whenever or wherever any vulnerable point lay bare, on the northern frontier when in concert with the Austrian armies, on the southern coast when Toulon had risen, on the western coast when a civil war broke out in La Vendée—it seems hard that, having striven so far as a civilian could strive for the success of our arms both by land and sea, the reverses on the former should be cast upon his memory, whilst at the same time he is allowed no merit for our triumphs on the latter."—ii. 191.

Lord Stanhope's vindication of his great relative is, in our opinion, complete. The more we reflect upon the part which Pitt had to play, the more shall we appreciate the undaunted courage and the patient prescience with which he played it. And our only cause of wonder will be, that with such instruments he was able to hold out at all.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.*

THERE has always been a mystery hanging over Lady Mary ever since Walpole's time; there has been a cloud over her name ever since she had the misfortune to offend the malicious little poet of Twickenham. Mr. Thomas does a great deal in his memoir to remove this mystery and disperse this cloud. There is no doubt that in clever Lady Mary's case wilful malice and thoughtless gossip have both contributed unjustly to perpetuate Pope's unmanly and untrue satire.

Lady Mary was the daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, a conspicuous politician and man of pleasure in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., who was created Marquis of Dor-

chester in 1706, and Duke of Kingston in 1715. The clever child, left to the care of a pious but stupid old governess, spent her time in reading old folio romances and imitating them in neatly written octavos. Soon she left these cloying sweets from the Soudery confection shop, taught herself Latin by the help of a rare memory, and became known among the flighty beauties of that age as a belle with learning. When only fourteen, Lady Mary met at a party her future husband, Mr. Wortley, and surprised and pleased him by some critical observations on a new play. With Mr. Wortley's two sisters the learned beauty corresponded in laboured and romantic letters, which were replied to by the brother, who, from his ambush, expressed the passion of a lover under disguise of the playful wilfulness of a friend. Mr. Wortley was a lover to be proud of: he had travelled with Addison; Steele had dedicated to him a volume of the *Tatler*; it is even probable that he contributed papers to the *Spectator*. Both Steele and Addison were not ashamed to consult him on literary matters. He was older than she was, it is true; but then she respected his knowledge of the world and his common sense. A sober, earnest, business man, Mr. Wortley sat at various times in Parliament. He was, moreover, an unflinching Whig—at the latter end, too, of Queen Anne's reign, when the Tories were all-powerful. Here was sympathy, for Lady Mary was a Whig.

When we read the love-letters that passed between the pair (dust so many years syne), we can scarcely help thinking that the lady's love was the deepest. The lover coquettes, extorts confessions, affects coldness, uses all his experience and life-knowledge to bring her to terms; the lady affects a momentary anger, then betrays herself past all unsaying. But the course was not smooth. The Cupids were left crying while the lawyers wrangled over the settlements. Mr. Wortley would not settle his property on a contingent son; the Marquis of Dorchester declared he would never run the risk of seeing his grandchildren beggars. The negotiations were broken off, and the correspondence was carried on under that secret-sheltering tree—the rose. But, says Mr. Thomas—and this extract exemplifies his patient care and exhaustive reading of the literature of Queen Anne's time,—

"There were at least members of Lady Mary's own family who secretly aided them. Her uncle, Mr. William Fielding, was the friend and advocate of their cause; her brother, Lord Kingston, was entrusted with their secrets. Outside that circle, numerous were the friends and agents employed, from good-natured Steele and his wife, whose strict propriety appears to have been suspended for the occasion, to Betty Laskey, or Lascue, who lived at the Bunch of Grapes and Queen's Head, at Knightsbridge, and who carried letters between Mr. Wortley's lodgings, in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, or at Kensington, and the Marquis of Dorchester's houses at Acton and Arlington Street, where Lady Mary passed the gay season, after the solitudes of Thoresby and West Dean. Still more various were the stratagems for meeting and whispering unobserved at the Opera, or at a morning visit at Corticelli the singer's house, or a chance call at Lady Jekyll's, or at Dr. Garth's ball, the Queen's drawing-room, Mrs. Steele's, in Bloomsbury Square; or, coming down the stairs, after service, at the Chapel of St. James's; though oftentimes her jealous lover had to content himself with a glance at her as she sat talking with a faucied rival at the play, or swept by him in her father's carriage in the Ring in Hyde Park."

Lady Mary was now in her twenty-fourth year; and a suitor, who promised liberal pin-money, but whom she hated, was now pressed upon her notice by her father. The alarmed lovers resolved on an elopement. The

* *The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by her Great-Grandson, Lord Wharfedale; with Additions and Corrections derived from the Original Manuscripts, Illustrative Notes, and a New Memoir, by W. May Thomas. Vol. I. (London: Bohn.)

marriage took place in 1712. After this rash and yet business-like marriage (for Lady Mary insisted sturdily on an annuity in case of widowhood), the witty lady lived quietly in the country, devoting herself to no more ambitious occupation than adding up the butcher's bill and jotting down her accounts. On the accession of George I. and the revival of the Whigs, Mr. Wortley became a Commissioner of the Treasury, under Lord Halifax. Again the young wife appeared conspicuously at Court, and resumed her proper position as a wit and toast. She returned no more to the solitude she imagined she was born for, but henceforward remained in the full and garish light of fashionable day.

Early in 1716 Mr. Wortley proceeded to Constantinople as English Ambassador, to mediate between the Turks and Imperialists. Lady Mary and her child accompanied him. Touching at Hanover to visit the King, they finally set forward from Vienna, towards the East, remaining there a year, and finally returned, after visiting Tunis, by way of Genoa.

On the subject of Lady Mary's admirable Eastern letters, Mr. Thomas is very lucid and explanatory. He says:—

"Though the statement has been questioned, there can be no doubt that Lady Mary did present the manuscript volumes containing her letters written during the embassy, to Mr. Benjamin Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam. They appear to have been copied by her soon after her return, the first preface, written by Mary Astell, bearing date, as will be seen, December 18, 1724; but they were never published by her; and, except to friends, the books of travels remained unknown. It was when returning from Italy in 1761, after her long residence abroad, that she gave them to Mr. Sowden, with the following memorandum, written within the cover of the first volume:—'These 2 Volumes are given to the R^d Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. WORTLEY MONTAGU, Dec. 11, 1761.' The circumstances of that gift—Mr. Sowden appearing to have been previously a stranger to Lady Mary—are indeed, at first sight, highly improbable, and subsequent facts did not seem calculated to remove the doubts which have been suggested of Mr. Sowden's honesty; but the inscription appears to be in Lady Mary's handwriting, and the letters, with one or two exceptions, were, beyond doubt, copied entirely by her. Even the exceptions have headings in her writing, and could hardly have been interpolated; though they appear to have been entered by an amanuensis in spaces left for the purpose. Mr. Dallaway's account of the subsequent transactions is, that the Earl of Bute, after her death, having heard of the existence of the volumes at Rotterdam, commissioned a gentleman to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration for giving them up, which he accepted; and he adds:—'Much to the surprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were published by Beckett.' Some of the friends and relatives of Sowden denied these statements, and maintained that he had given the volumes without any recompense."

The true resemblance, says Mr. Thomas, which has been discovered between the diary of Lady Mary and her letters, arises from the fact that her letters were indeed merely portions of her diary, to which, by a fiction in literary art not to be wondered at in a woman who was always acting, she thought fit to give the form of an actual correspondence. The quarrel of Pope and Lady Mary is very admirably commented on by Mr. Thomas, who refutes at once Walpole's slanders and the malicious poet's attacks. He attributes the whole of the calumnies to the quarrel that sprang up between the sensitive satirist and the sarcastic woman of the world. It is certain that till the time she knew Pope, her life had been

without stain; nor could Mr. Thomas, after the most careful investigation, find evidence sufficient to support a single charge. But we subjoin a very well written *résumé* of the chief reasons that led him to believe Lady Mary guiltless of all but having wounded the vanity of the splenetic bard.

"Her childhood was passed in a patient and industrious course of self-culture, which was rare indeed in that age of female frivolity and ignorance. Notwithstanding the temptations of remarkable beauty, her inclination appears at all times to have been towards a life of study and retirement rather than to one of gaiety or idleness. Although her father occupied a position of the highest influence in the political world, and her husband's importance among his party was very considerable, she does not appear ever to have sought one of those places about the Court which were the object of the hopes and ambition of young ladies of her age and station. As a wife and mother, her letters show her homely, frugal, cheerful, and affectionate. When her husband accepted his post of ambassador to Turkey, she decided to accompany him, taking with her her child, with whom she traversed the uncivilized countries of eastern Europe, in the midst of a sanguinary war. When abroad, her active mind found employment in a large correspondence with her friends, in recording in her Diary the customs of the countries through which she passed, in the study of the Turkish language and literature, or in obtaining information as to the practice of inoculation, which she afterwards introduced into England with so great success—pursuits in which the frivolous and luxurious take no delight. It is not easy to believe that this woman dropped suddenly into a degraded and shameful way of life, as Pope and Walpole, and those who have adopted their statements, have asserted. But we are not left to infer the truth from such considerations. Where the charges against her are distinct, the means of testing them are not wanting."

This opinion is well supported by Mr. Thomas. He shows that there is no mention of Pope in her letters before starting for Turkey, though Garth, Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Vanbrugh are all spoken of in terms of friendship. The earliest extant letter of Pope's to Lady Mary was written just before her departure for the East; and though their acquaintance must then have been quite recent, the little poet plunged at once into all the ridiculous affectations of the pseudo-French gallantry of the time. The puny invalid, whose life, by his own confession, was but one "long disease," writes like a Rochester, and talks of the stars, the angels, and the goddess of beauty, like any frenzied lover of eighteen. But this was the fashion of the day, for Pope wrote still more warmly and extravagantly to grave Miss Judith Cowper, who was about to be married. His ribald and gross letters to the Miss Blounts are well known, and serve to show the low standard of delicacy in those days. Mr. Thomas shows, moreover, that Mr. Wortley saw all these letters of his wife's, and that one of the most rapturous of them was actually sent through his hands. Mr. Wortley himself read the letters, and still maintained friendly relations with the writer. They were, in fact, nothing but the oglings and bowings that a dandy practises at a party, to set off his figure and his face, and which are meant for nobody in particular. They were exercises of wit, *tours de force* of the ideal gallantry of society, part of the jargon that Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules* bequeathed to the Queen-Anne world, imitations of the great French letter-writers.

There is no doubt, however, that after the quarrel, Pope mischievously tried to make mischief out of these foolish letters. He published some anonymously, he omitted passages, he interpolated words, and in the *Grub Street Journal*, to which he contributed, Mr. Thomas has

discovered an article by him, in which he insinuates familiarity between himself and his fair enemy. The story of Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting a portrait of Lady Mary for Pope, on investigation entirely breaks down.

For some years after Mr. Wortley's return from the East, the poet and the female wit seem to have remained on terms of friendship. But in 1722 Lady Mary writes to her sister that she seldom sees Mr. Pope, and she does not seem to have even visited his cockney grotto, then so famous. The true cause of their estrangement Mr. Thomas thus interprets:—

"When Lady Mary first knew Pope, he was indifferent about politics, and suspected of Whig tendencies, only, perhaps, because he wrote in conjunction with Steele and Addison, and associated with them; but in the interval of her absence he had become an avowed Tory, intimately allied with extreme Tories—Swift, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Atterbury, Bathurst. He had openly quarrelled with and libelled their old and dear friend Addison, and separated himself from Steele and other Whigs; he had become a hater of Whigs in the abstract, although he held on with his neighbour, young Craggs, and others. Lady Mary and her husband were always Whigs, but now they were Whigs of influence. Their daily associates were Whigs, their intimates were Whigs. They had become, as most political people do, less tolerant than in their literary days of political differences; and Pope must have felt ill at ease when he visited his neighbour—perhaps not always welcome to the host, looked on with positive dislike by many, with suspicion by all. From the letters to Lady Mary concerning M. Rémond, we may infer that in 1721–1722 she had little time to spare to the mere poet, nor a mind sufficiently quiet or disengaged either to enjoy his company, or to herself good company."

The origin of the actual war between the well-matched pair seems to have been a parody by Lady Mary on Pope's inflated epitaph on the two rustic lovers struck by lightning. To have his superfluous moralizing and heartless sentimentalism laughed at by a female wit, and ridiculed in widely circulated verses, was intolerable. Hence the bitter notes in the *Dunciad*, the character of Sappho, and the "Capon's Tale." These verses, filling the air like swarms of mosquitoes, eventually stung her out of England.

Walpole's charges Mr. Thomas refutes, with, we think, equal success. Walpole had the feminine malignity of a man of weak health, and of a disappointed man, too. He hated both Mr. Wortley and his wife, because they had both been political enemies of his father. His stories of her starving her sister, and cheating a Frenchman, whom he calls her lover, out of some money, are evidently both untrue. The Frenchman was a small wit, mentioned by St. Simon, whom Lady Mary seems to have used as an agent in secretly buying South Sea Stock unknown to her husband. On the French rascal's threatening to make mischief with her letters, the lady bravely goes to her husband and tells him the whole affair. Nor is the story of her starving her sister one whit more true. The sister in question had married Lord Mar, a Jacobite nobleman. Becoming melancholy mad, this lady was seized by force by her husband's brother, the lawless and hypocritical Lord Grange, and from his power was wrested by Lady Mary, who eventually surrendered her to her daughter's protection. To the last she wrote to her encouraging and cheering letters, full of corrective common-sense and sisterly affection. In a third slander of Walpole's, that Lady Mary had been imprisoned by an Italian Count, there seems to be more truth. It appears that, wishing to avoid the English Jacobites at Avignon, who suspected her as a spy, she went to Northern Italy, and there, at

Brescia, having a dangerous fever, was detained by force by an Italian Count, whose mother had offered her hospitality. Mr. Thomas supposes that, being delicious, she was forcibly detained, and that, resenting this detention, she threatened legal proceedings.

Mr. Thomas cannot discover the reason of Lady Mary's voluntary exile of twenty years. She still corresponded regularly with her husband, and expressions of respect and affection are frequent on both sides. Twice during that long banishment Mr. Wortley visited the Continent, yet did not go to see his wife. When her husband is threatened with blindness, she writes offering to return, though she expresses a dread of leaving a retirement, now grown habitual to her, for crowded and busy life. If we may venture a suggestion, it seems to us that the causes of Lady Mary's self-banishment were simply these:—she left to avoid the odium and publicity Pope's satires had drawn upon her; she left also because between her husband and herself there had always been discrepancies; she left because her old love of retirement had again worked through and overpowered her love of the world. Her life in Italy seems to have been calm and tranquil. Her garden, her diary, her needlework, her small farm, and her silkworms, occupied all her thoughts. Her random moments she devoted to reading the miserable novels sent her periodically from England by her daughter, Lady Bute. Her past sins, if she had committed any, were terribly expiated by the profligacy and wickedness of her son, whose repentances were only the prelude to fresh wallowings in vice. Her husband's dying pangs, too, seem to have been rendered more intense by infamous libels written by the son in his mother's name. "I swear to you," she writes to her husband, "so may my soul have peace with God, I know nothing of these infamous libels." What a burst of motherly anguish there is in this terrible adjuration!

Lady Mary was in Venice in 1761, when she heard of her husband's death, about which she writes in terms of deep and evidently unfeigned sorrow. Though now upwards of seventy, and in infirm health, the brave old woman defies the inclemency of a severe winter, and, at her daughter's solicitation, gladly abandons her beloved retirement and returns to England. She died in the August of the same year, at her house in George Street, Hanover Square, aged seventy-four. Looking back over the well-known letters, and taking them in conjunction with the facts of her career, now so carefully verified and cleared up by Mr. Thomas, we have not the heart to condemn this clever and unhappy woman. The great fault of her life seems to have been an inability to keep quiet a sarcastic tongue, and to repress a shrewd, biting wit. She forgave those who disliked her because they had not power given them by nature to express or mark their hatred; but she forgot that the wounds she herself inflicted rankled—that for every jest she had lost a friend and made an enemy. She knew the world; but she thought only how to wound and irritate it, not how to defend herself from its return arrows. She won the laugh of the moment, she gained the admiration of the hour, but lost her own happiness, alienated her friends, and grew estranged from her husband. Scouted and unbeloved, the end of her brilliant life, that began all sunshine and all hope, smouldered out in selfish retirement in Italy. The world, for which she sacrificed so much, forgot her; her son proved a scourge to mankind and a disgrace to his name; she had nothing to love,

nothing to live for; she returned to her daughter's arms a broken, faded old woman, to feel the first throb of real happiness she could have known for twenty years, and then to depart to that silent country where the wit and the fool are at last equal.

NO CHURCH.*

MOST of our readers will have read, with considerable amusement, Mr. H. B. Sheridan's novel sketch of the House of Commons. Mr. Sheridan, with the eyes of his constituents eagerly strained to catch the last glimpse of their devoted member's form, plunges into the cold shade of a too patrician senate, and emerges unseathed indeed, but a sadder and, we trust, a wiser man. He is learned as well as adventurous, eloquent as well as brave. Though, like Hannibal, he tries to melt with vinegar the icy strongholds of aristocratic corruption, it is not, like Hannibal, to become the subject of a declamation, but to be himself the declaimer. He pours into the sympathising bosoms of his faithful followers the sad history of his ambition, chilled by the hauteur of Mr. Cerberus, Serjeant-at-arms, and languishing at the averted gaze of the Speaker. He is astonished and grieved to find that the pseudo-representatives of a free nation are divided into two great parties. Nearly all are for a party; few, very few are, like himself, for the State. He sighs for independent members; constellations, brilliant but fixed, obeying one great law of patriotic gravitation; not a concourse of vapoury particles dependent on fortuitous adhesion, and called by courtesy a cloud.

Mr. Sheridan's opinions are not in themselves very valuable, but they illustrate a very common, well-meaning, and impossible view of human nature, especially in its religious and political aspects. Where the actions of others are concerned, people delight to take an ideal standard of human conduct. It gratifies at once their virtue, their vanity, and their indolence. It is much easier to speculate what is the best course men might possibly take, than what is the best course that in every probability they can be induced to take. The former only presupposes an average imagination and a good stock-in-trade of copy-book morality; the latter requires a patient study of immediate obstacles, and a more specific acquaintance with mankind. The author of *No Church* has, on other grounds, much greater claim to our attention than the member for Dudley; but each has the same panacea, the one for political, the other for religious disorders. Both clamour for an impossible catholicity of creed, and, oddly enough, both point their moral with a very similar illustration. According to Mr. Sheridan, the great evil of party combination in the State is, that it excludes from committees, and, what is worse, from the pages of *Hansard*, such resolutely incorruptible members as himself. The chief objection of our author to party distinctions in the Church appears to be based on the supposition that these family squabbles disgust the members of the large "No Church" body, and, like the raven sent forth by Noah, they would rather remain wandering to and fro, than return to such a jumble of heterogeneous elements as our nineteenth century ark. We do not wish to take a mean advantage of our readers, and give them a sermon instead of a review; but still the very name of the book before us must have prepared them for a treatment not exclusively secular. Besides, religious questions, at all times full of

interest, are invested with a special importance now that heresy is supposed to have crept into our high places, and the guardians of Anglican youth are being roundly charged with betraying the religion they profess. It is decidedly instructive, and perhaps not uninteresting, to see how a writer of fully average ability, and who has paid special attention to his subject, endeavours to bridge the gulf which yawns between infidelity and the true faith. In *No Church*, as we have a right to expect, the interest centres on an infidel group. A religious heroine is placed in it, by way of contrast; and as she is really the heroine, we ought to recount her adventures. Prison-born, and up to four years of age prison-bred, she then remains for eight years in a very secluded Welsh village, under the care of a Methodist uncle. He is intensely narrow-minded, dull, and parsimonious, but thoroughly conscientious, and not without a certain rough attachment to the child as well as to the rod. His daughter, Mary Davis, though of different disposition, has been drilled into his views and prejudices. The heroine, Bessy Calverton, whose character and position, at least in the first volume, bear a somewhat suspicious resemblance to those of Maggie Tulliver, chafes at the rigour of their Puritan routine; and a stray tourist, Stephen Speckland, comes by chance to the cottage, and brings matters to a crisis by giving her a book of fairy tales. The horrified uncle discovers her eagerly imbibing the poison, and that too, to make matters worse, at a time when she ought to be preparing his coffee. He straightway consigns the heretical fairies to the flames. This brings on the long-threatened explosion. Off rushes Bessy to the mountains, where she loses herself, and finds her father in a mist. The father is an irreclaimable scoundrel, who had married and deserted the Methodist's sister, and who now, in spite of remonstrances and entreaties, carries off his daughter to London. He keeps a public-house of more than dubious fame, and for five years our heroine is exposed to all the corrupting influence of dissolute sights and sounds. She is protected by her elder sister, Lotty, who, filled with a wild, half-penitent remorse, shows more regard for the youth and innocence of another than had been shown for her own. This part of the book requires very nice treatment, and is managed with considerable skill. In treating a subject of this kind, it is no easy matter to avoid sacrificing truth to delicacy, or delicacy to truth; and the author deserves no small credit for his dexterous use of expressive reticence, and suggestive drapery. Bessy at last runs away, and, after a few adventures, is placed in the infidel group, one of whom is Stephen Speckland, the wandering hero of the contraband fairy tales. He is a light-hearted, indolent, unselfish man, with rather more of the hero about him than usually falls to such characters. His brother, Hugh, is a sort of soured Adam Bede, with great energy, force of character, and an under-current of deep affection, but outwardly irritable and morose. Bessy falls in love with Stephen, and both brothers with Bessy. Stephen half commits himself, but, discovering that he is in a decline, withdraws abruptly, and asks Bessy to accept Hugh, who has just made an offer, and whose affection Stephen now discovers for the first time. Bessy, piqued, grieved, and altogether taken by surprise, consents. Hugh is quite ignorant of the sacrifice: his under-current is soon brought to the surface by the potent influence of love—Bessy begins to appreciate him—and all goes smoothly as a marriage-bell, until in an unlucky moment he hears that when Bessy accepted his hand her heart was ano-

* *No Church*. By the Author of *High Church*. Three Vols. 8vo. (Hurst and Blackett.)

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ther's. He at once breaks off the match, refuses Stephen's dying request that he should be reconciled to Bessy, and poor Bessy commences life on her own account, her father unexpectedly turning up from Botany Bay to supply her with a motive for exertion. She undertakes to reform him, and slaves on for the selfish old ruffian, until Lotty reappears, forces him to leave England by threatening to betray his hiding-place, and brings about the long-desired match between Bessy and Hugh by a judicious explanation.

Given thus, in bare outline, the plot has an air of improbability which it does not wear in the author's hands. So much pains is taken to trace the connection between each cause and its effect, and to bridge over every little chasm, that the whole hangs together very well. It has not, indeed, escaped the fate which befalls nineteen out of twenty novels written to convey a moral. It is almost impossible in such novels to avoid drawing, not the moral from the character, but the character from the moral. There is one very exaggerated instance of this in *No Church*. Mary Davis is brought up by her Methodist father in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and shares largely in the paternal prejudices. At first, she is represented in an almost unamiable light; but early in the first volume she is brought into such close and romantic proximity with Stephen, that a touch of sentiment becomes inevitable, and her character is modified accordingly. Thus improved, she is too good to be a Methodist; and in the third volume appears as a member of Broad Church, and marries the Rev. Jacob Parslow, a divine of the requisite apostolic breadth, and a great instrument of conversion in the novel.

There is another conversion, not so flimsy as that of Mary Davis, but still curiously illustrative of the way in which the proselytes become mere puppets in the hands of an author who has, from the beginning of the novel, predestined them to election into a broad-bosomed church. Hugh Speckland has a vigorous, sceptical intellect, considerable powers of thought and argument, and every opportunity of exercising them in the logical battles with that distinguished defender of the faith, Mr. Jacob Parslow. He is able to discuss the essential points of Christianity on their own merits, apart from all consideration of the accidental circumstances with which, in different sects, they may be associated. Still he stubbornly adheres to infidelity, works hard all Sunday, and at last refuses even to listen to the pious exhortations of Mr. Parslow. Yet even this unpromising patient is not beyond the reach of our author's panacea. He accidentally overhears a very animated description of Broad Church, given by Mr. Parslow, and coming forward, with heightened colour, surrenders almost melodramatically.

We must object to the occasional sinking of the novelist in the advocate; but it is with the novelist that we are primarily concerned, and with the advocate only so far as his advocacy injures the general effect of the tale, or the fidelity of the portraits. Nor do we at all agree with those who think that such subjects do not fall within the province of fictitious writers. Surely it is of great importance that we should be made to realize the feelings, religious and irreligious, which exercise so powerful an influence, for good or evil, over large and often distinct classes of our fellow creatures. Among very many of the lower orders the agency most actively at work in the formation of their intellectual, as well as of their moral character, is religion. To omit altogether the religious element were to omit a very essential part of their daily life and

thought. But then the life should be studied from a point of view purely artistic. The writer who starts with a purpose, and feels strongly what he describes, is sure to describe much more like a lover than an artist, to soften down blemishes, and to draw on his imagination for beauties which do not exist. In such hands a novel ceases to be a faithful picture of life and manners, and becomes instead an ingenious effort of special pleading. *No Church* is a work of very high merit, but, like its predecessor, *High Church*, though in a considerably less degree, it is injured by being made the vehicle of a moral which plays far too prominent a part. However, in comparing the two novels, there is, in this respect at any rate, a very marked improvement in the last; and so we entertain a hope that the author will do himself more justice on another occasion, and confine himself to the more legitimate functions of fiction.

WILSON ON THE TURKISH BATH.*

THAT doctors disagree, has passed into a proverb as trite as any of the sayings which adorn the copy-books of schoolboys; and we have ceased to wonder at any theory, however strange, which may be advanced by medical men. A few years ago we were told that malaria arising from the wood pavement in London had changed the type of diseases; that tea and potatoes have effected the medical regeneration of the human race; that putrid exhalations are favourable to health; and that the frequency of consumption arises from the use of Peruvian bark. Then, again, one doctor tells us that blood-letting is the grand and universal specific in all cases of inflammation, and another, equally famous, that it is not advisable under any circumstances whatever.

In sooth, almost every medical man rides a hobby, but Dr. Erasmus Wilson rides his at a gallop. Whatever he does must be done thoroughly; whatever he believes must be believed heartily. As a lecturer and writer on anatomy and physiology, he attained, several years ago, an enviable position. His works on those subjects are still text-books in our colleges, and we believe that they have been translated into most European languages. Everybody knows that his special attention has of late years been directed to the skin, one of the most difficult branches of medical study. His books on the subject are perhaps cast in too popular a mould to be acceptable to the faculty; but the public read them and believe in their author, and what more can Dr. Wilson desire?

The little volume now before us bids fair to create a revolution in England. Its advent may well cause *tremor cordis* to the hydropath, for it throws cold water upon him; the days of the globulist are numbered; and the business of the chemist will prove a drug in the market. If cleanliness be next to godliness, Dr. Wilson's exposition of the Turkish bath will form a sort of gospel for the body. Every one may now be clean, healthy, and happy. The skin, with its seven millions of pores, its "vast network of nerves," its myriads of bloodvessels, acts the part, we are told, of a sanitary commissioner, draining the system of its impurities; and its structure proves that man's "natural and intended state is one of nakedness." But since, in the present advanced stage of civilization, it would not be proper to deprive the tailor of his livelihood, the Turkish bath can be applied to obviate the injurious

tendency of clothing. Dr. Wilson somewhat startles us in writing on this matter, for he affirms that our forefathers, the ancient Britons, wore no clothes, and asks "what lady ever complained of inconvenience resulting from her *décolleté* shoulders at an evening party or the opera, or even from the bitter draughts of night air that frequently close those entertainments?" That a sudden transition from a heated atmosphere into the night air should be innocuous, scarcely tallies with many of Dr. Wilson's remarks, and certainly runs counter to ordinary experience. But we are detaining our readers too long from the Turkish bath, which, under Dr. Wilson's guidance, we now propose to enter.

To Mr. George Witt, of Prince's Terrace, Hyde Park, Dr. Erasmus Wilson declares himself indebted for his first introduction to the bath. Of all other baths—the warm, the cold, the vapour, the air, the medicated, the mud, the salt-sea, and the fresh-river bath—he entertained something like contempt, knowing their "slender virtues and their stout fallacies;" but he soon discovered that there was one bath "that cleanses the inward as well as the outward man, that is applicable to every age, that is adapted to make health healthier, and alleviate disease, whatever its stage or severity, that deserves to be regarded as a national institution, and merits the advocacy of all men." We do not care to review the history of this bath, but those who are curious in the matter will find all needful information in the volume. It will be more amusing to plunge, or rather to walk, into it at once, and to let Dr. Wilson describe the sensations it causes and the effects which are produced.

In the first place, we enter the *Frigidarium*, an apartment which is used for a cooling-room and a drying-room. It also serves the purpose of a vestiary. Here, therefore, we rid ourselves of our clothing, and dress for the bath. Then the door of the *Calidarium* is opened, and the "warm air seems to fold us in its soft embrace:"—

"All care, all anxiety, all trouble, all memory of the external world and its miserable littleness, is chased from the mind; our thoughts are absorbed in rapturous contemplation of the delights of the new world—the paradise into which we have just been admitted. The tyrant pain, even, loses his miscreant power here; the toothache, where is it gone! the headache, gone too; the spasm no longer bides; the grinding aches of craving appetite, the pang of neuralgia, of rheumatism, of gout—all are fled; for this is the region where the suffering find a soothing relief from all their torments; and over the door is it not written:—THIS IS THE CALIDARIUM; PAIN ENTERS NOT HERE."

The thermometer is 135°, the enjoyment is exquisite. Ere long the whole body is in a state of perspiration, "a sweet languor creeps over us, and we feel as though, like a heaven-god of old, we were dissolving into a liquid stream." The charming influence makes Dr. Wilson poetical, and he avers that he hardly knows a more beautiful sight than that of the healthy skin of a practised bather, "spangled over with limpid drops of perspiration, like dew-drops on the petals of a rose." This part of the process should be enjoyed quietly; "talking is of doubtful propriety;" but as Dr. Wilson breaks the rule to relate a few curious facts, we of course are at liberty to do so likewise. The following may with advantage be transcribed in our columns:—

"One of the things which strikes the popular mind the most vividly in the British Turkish bath is the high temperature. When we call to mind that a hot bath is scalding at 110°, and a vapour bath at 120°, we are astonished to hear of a bath that is en-

* *The Eastern, or Turkish Bath: its History, Revival in Britain, and Application to the Purposes of Health.* By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. (London: Churchill.)

joyable at 20°, 30°, and even 50° above the temperature of scalding water. Nay, more, that can be borne without inconvenience at double the temperature of scalding water. Mr. Witt, one evening at a dinner-party, explained the curious difference of action of heat on living and dead organic matter. A few days after, a baronet, who was one of the party, visited Mr. Witt in his bath, and wrote to an incredulous friend as follows:—"I have been at Mr. Witt's bath; all that he told us is true. I cooked a mutton-chop on my knee! and in eating it afterwards the only inconvenience that I experienced was in the matter of the bread—it became toast before I could get it to my mouth." Since I first published this anecdote, a very matter-of-fact gentleman has written to me to say: "Well! I can believe the mutton-chop, but is not the bread changing to toast on its way to the mouth a little too much for credit?" I can best answer my matter-of-fact friend by saying, that in Mr. Urquhart's bath at Riverside, I sat for at least ten minutes, and without the slightest inconvenience, in his Laconicum, at a temperature of 240°—namely, 28° above the boiling-point of water. If I had had bread, or meat, or eggs with me, they must necessarily have been cooked at that heat. But in reality there is nothing wonderful in all this. I am informed that during the Indian mutiny, the heat in the tents was sometimes as high as 140°. Sir Charles Blagden remained for ten minutes in a room heated to 260°. Sir Francis Chantrey's oven, in which his moulds were dried, and which was constantly entered by his men, was heated to 350°. The ovens in the slate-emanelling works of Mr. Magnus, at Pimlico, also habitually entered by the workmen, have a temperature of 350°. And the oven in which Chabert, the so-called Fire King, exhibited in London some years back, was heated to 400° and 500°."

For purposes of health, Dr. Wilson considers that the temperature of the bath should range between 120° and 140°, the intention being to induce a gentle, continuous, and prolonged perspiration. The length of time for remaining in the bath is left to the bather's feelings: if the temperature be agreeable and the perspiration efficient, the best part of an hour may be spent in the Calidarium. When the whole frame is softened, the shampooer's art is called into requisition; but happily this extremely unpleasant operation need not be endured by the Englishman who frequents a Turkish bath. Indeed, as Dr. Wilson remarks, it would be only possible for us, with our firmly-knit joints, to undergo the process in a very modified form:—

"Who but a professed acrobat would venture to submit to an operation in which a man 'stands with his feet on the thighs and on the chest, and slips (his feet) down the ribs, then up again three times?' or 'putting an arm under the back, and applying his chest to your crossed elbows, rolls on you across till you crack?'... We have but to see the Asiatic throw his foot over his shoulder, bend his finger up on the back of his hand, crack every joint of the fingers with the most moderate traction, or drop gracefully upon the ground, sitting on the side of the foot, with the sole upturned towards the skies, to be assured that there is something in the structure of the bones and joints of the Asiatic that does not exist amongst us. And if one of these people were to tie himself up in a knot, we should not be much surprised."

Be it understood, then, that an Anglo-Turkish bath does not involve the painful operation of shampooing. Instead of this, we may be satisfied with using a glove and sweeping off the scarf-skin, which "falls off right and left in rolls, as if spilt from a dish of macaroni." In the private bath, a friend will perform the kind office of rubbing down; and Dr. Wilson relates how he has had his "own epidermal integument groomed with most exquisite tenderness by a noble of the highest rank." Then follows a thorough soaping of the whole body, which is succeeded first of all by a delicious

shower of warm water, and then by one of cold, which is described as equally refreshing. The cold water contracts the pores, and, anon, when the skin has again become warm, the bather steps into the Frigidarium, puts on a warm cotton mantle, and reclines on the couch of repose until his limbs are dry. "The body," says Mr. Urquhart, "has come forth shining like alabaster, fragrant as the cistus, sleek as satin, and soft as velvet."

The Frigidarium and the Calidarium are the only apartments indispensable for a Turkish bath; but there are others, such as the Tepidarium, which add considerably to the comfort of the bather; and Dr. Wilson gives such a luxurious account of the arrangements of Mr. Urquhart's bath at Riverside, that he will make all his readers covet an hour's enjoyment in that Elysium. We are tempted to transcribe a portion of this description:—

"Having received my freedom of the bath in the Lavateria, I commenced a series of visits to all the soft, the warm, the perfumed, the hot, the cool, the cold nooks, that I could find. I rolled in enjoyment on the divan by the side of the *piscina*, watching my 'companions of the bath,' and especially a little Antinous, or rather an infant Hercules, of five years of age, who one while crept into the fiery tent, and another while disported himself, like a young sea-god, with evident delight, in the cold *piscina*. I then took my place in the higher temperature of the torrid zone, on the divan that was breathed over by the sweet exhalations of the *mignonette*; and anon crept into the tent with the scarlet curtains serving as a door, and wondered that I could breathe an atmosphere heated to 240° without inconvenience."

"It was now approaching the hour of breakfast, and however disinclined I might be to leave the warm world in which I had spent more than an hour, I was ready to acknowledge certain material warnings of the charms of breakfast. Before, however, I could quit the bath, it was necessary that the pores, which had been all this while filtering the waste fluids of the body through their numberless apertures, should be made to close; and with this intent I descended into the pool, to experience and enjoy a new sensation. I crouched under the tap, while a cold torrent poured over me, the little Hercules catching greedily on his head any waste jets that glanced aside, and then shaking his flaxen ringlets over his face and shoulders with a joyous laugh. But my last experience was to come. At the word 'Hold firm!' a full pail of hot water rushed upon me like an avalanche, and was instantly followed by the same quantity of cold; this was repeated in quick succession a number of times, and then, when my host's arms seemed tired of the further repetition, I arose from the pool, and shook my soured frame on the platform above, with a feeling of freshness and vigour that I shall long remember—remember when the bath and all its vagaries shall have become too familiar to suggest a note of their early impressions."

Need we wonder that Dr. Wilson has built a bath for himself? In our present abnormal condition, he considers it the best possible means of keeping the frame in healthy working order. It gives appetite, strengthens digestion, renders the body impervious to cold, imparts firmness and solidity to the skin, and prevents or cures disease. Here is a remarkable instance of its power:—

"A fine, athletic child of five years old has been brought up in the bath, and has never worn other clothes than a loose linen garment. He is a sturdy little fellow, with the independence of deportment of an Indian and the symmetry of an Apollo. He was met one wintry day, when the snow was on the ground, walking in the garden, perfectly naked. 'Do you feel cold?' inquired his interlocutor. 'Cold!' said the boy, touching his skin doubtfully with his finger, 'yes, I think I do feel cold.' That is, he felt cold to his outward touch, but not to his inward sensations; and it required that he should pass his

finger over the surface of his body, as he would have done over a marble statue, to be sure, not that he was cold, for that he was not, but to be convinced that his surface felt cold."

Another boy who received so severe a crick in neck that his head lay almost flat on the shoulder was speedily cured on being carried to the bath.

Altogether, we must confess that Dr. Erasmus Wilson makes out a strong case in favour of the Turkish bath. That a few of his assertions will be controverted we have little doubt; but while exceptions may be made to some portions of the narrative, Dr. Wilson has established, beyond question, the sanitary value of the Turkish bath. He looks forward to the day when it will be established in every village. Such a consummation is not likely soon to be attained, but in the meanwhile the initiative should be taken by a public company. An Eastern Bath in the Crystal Palace, for instance, would surely form an amusement alike attractive to pleasure-takers and remunerative to the Company.

STUDENT LIFE IN VENETIA.*

IN the volumes before us there is little or no nutrition; and the process by which the small portion that is even novel is arrived at is so arduous, that the digestion is seriously impaired. To speak less metaphorically, the digressions from the main action of the story are so frequent and so lengthy, and the descriptions of the personal appearance of actors, that are dragged in merely for the sake of portraiture, so wearisome, that when we arrive at the conclusion we have an equally oppressive sense of Austrian tyranny and Venetian novels. The author tells a story of some one inheriting a valuable property through consenting to listen patiently to the wild talk of an astronomer; and draws from this the valuable deduction that it is well to be civil to everybody. Most civilly and most patiently have we waded through his book, but the result scarcely promises to be so satisfactory.

We suspect that the translator has hardly dealt fairly with the original MS. Whence come such words as "rumpus," "obstreperous," and "pigsneys"? There is a childishness, a sign of relish of small wit, about these expressions, which reflects the least hopeful side of the Italian character. We have no doubt, therefore, that Mr. Cayley found equally silly representative words in the Italian: but for his own sake, as well as his author's, he might have avoided offending English taste by such renderings. And what on earth do "pigsneys" mean? We surmise, from the context, that it is the slang phrase for a pair of eyes. But it is not Italian, and certainly not English, unless it be the English of Ben Caunt. There are two or three good descriptions of school-fights, and Alpine sports and habits, but the whole is marred by a most unpleasant egotism. The autobiographer is certainly entitled, according to his own account, to consider himself a person of some importance; for, at the age of nine, he became a marked man in the eyes of the Austrian government. That cruel despotism contrived to thwart and crush him on every possible occasion. His engaging manners, his strong intellect, his exalted conception of the proper duties of man, strongly impressed the government professors against him even at the early age of ten. He was cheated out of

* *Filippo Malincentri, or Student Life in Venetia: an Autobiography.* Edited by Girolamo Volpe. Translated by C. B. Cayley. (London: G. Manwaring.)

the prizes due to him, the energies of his glorious mind were repressed and chilled, and the result is the work before us. Truly Austria has much to answer for! When the day of reckoning shall come, the hated Tedeschi will have no more formidable foe on paper than the friend of Girolamo Volpe, the hero of this vague drama. What he would be in action we may judge from his own words, for he does not spare himself:—

"Things went so far that one Sunday, after the mass, at which the students had had to be present, some thirty or more lads came behind the Professor, chaunting the *Miserere* in slow and deep funeral tones. We second-year students were collected in a knot apart, silent, indignant, and almost ready to come to blows with them. But the others were more numerous than we, and some of superior strength and stature, so that we could not venture to attack them."

The *finale* of this little episode was, that the Professor died a few days afterwards, his death being accelerated by the cruel insult put upon him. And this man, who calls himself a fellow-countryman of Garibaldi, and longs for Italian regeneration, dares to own that he and his friends stood tamely looking on because the odds were against them! This modern Roman knows how to appreciate the beauties of that world-known poet, Martin Tupper, who is the only English author that he quotes; but he does not appear to put equal value on the sentiment which Macaulay puts into the mouth of the old Roman when the mighty hosts of Persenna were surging towards the bridge:—

"How can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods?"

"It is better to grow wise at another's expense than at your own," says the author, "and so you see it is charity that impels me to write these volumes." We are exceedingly obliged to him; but, as we never intend to place ourselves in such awkward fixes as he did, we are afraid his kindness is rather lost. Austria has still more reason to thank him, for though he exposes her system of education, which every one previously knew to be excellent in its way, but very illiberal, he establishes the fact that by reason of their weakness, their vanity, and their vagueness of purpose, many Italians of Venetia are unfit for that freedom which they so earnestly desire.

NEW NOVEL.

Man As He Is, and Woman As She Should Be. A Tale of Real Life. By Captain H. Curling. (C. J. Skeet.) This is not Captain Curling's first appearance before the novel-reading public. Some years ago he enriched the columns of the *Lady's Newspaper* with a story entitled "Edith Frankheart," and on the title-page of the volume before us he acknowledges the authorship of two more tales. A writer of fiction who has several times appeared before the public, and who may therefore be supposed to have found an audience, has no claim to the indulgence we sometimes willingly award to the first effort of a literary neophyte. We have every right to conclude that Captain Curling's style is now as perfect as he can make it; that his imagination, his fancy, and his humour have ripened to maturity; that his knowledge of high life, in which most of his characters move, is accurate, if not extensive; and that he is capable of giving a force and completeness to the creations of his own brain. *Man As He Is* purports to be a tale of real life. By such a designation we suppose that Captain Curling intended to intimate the true character of his story. Yet scarcely any intimation could be more false. Doubtless, real life has its vulgar side, and the novel before us is wholly vulgar; real life

contains much that is offensive and objectionable, and so does the tale; in real life we may sometimes meet with a drunken rascal like the Marquis of Neuchateau, and very often with a pretty, prudent, commonplace woman, like his wife; with a lord in pecuniary difficulties, and with a lady in love. Here, however, the likeness terminates. In the old pastoral poetry, which was once so fashionable, we find shepherds and milkmaids, cows and green meadows, and many other of the simple objects with which we are familiar in the country; but when shepherds discuss knotty points of theology, and milkmaids talk of Cytherea's doves, or allude to the oracles of the Cumean Sibyl, we know perfectly well that they are totally unlike the men or women whom the poet saw tending sheep on the hill-side, or milking cows in the byre. There is the same difference between Captain Curling's creations and the characters we expect to meet with in a novel of real life. Lord Morven, the hero of the tale, having lost his wife and his arm in India, returns home to find that his property has disappeared, through the craft of an unscrupulous lawyer. He therefore sells his commission in the army, and becomes a literary hack. Nothing can be more absurd than the description of Lord Morven's entrance upon his career of authorship. An introduction to an editor or a publisher is said by Sir Peter Pounce (a gentleman of whom we shall say something again) to be as difficult to obtain as an interview with a commander-in-chief or a prime minister; and we are told that it was solely through his title that Morven obtained the privilege. That proved an "open sesame" to one of the first houses in London, and the great man who is at the head of it greets Lord Morven and his article after the following fashion:—"The very sort of thing I want, my lord: the scenes are beautifully portrayed, the whole description inimitable; style everything that could be wished; the battle-field, too, inimitably pictured; I perceive you have drawn that great and glorious soldier, Sir Charles Napier, to the life." The "great man of business" is represented as offering "poundage and commission" to Lord Morven for having "introduced him to several military men of distinction, whose works he brought out and cleared good round sums by;" and when Lord Morven starts back "at the bare hint of such a matter," the publisher pays him the compliment of contrasting his conduct with that of most of his literary friends, with whom it is all "money, money, money." "They hang upon me as if I were a gibbet for them," he continues, "and try to get the wind out of me in every way." Sir Peter Pounce, who is present at this interview, replies to the publisher in the following polite strain:—

"All true enough, I dare say, but do not you also try to drive hard bargains occasionally with them, too? Do you not go in for large profits on the brains of others; and when you have wrung them dry like a squeezed dish-cloth, throw them aside and pronounce them good-for-nothing all through the trade? Nay, do you not give men sometimes bad names amongst the fraternity? damn them utterly; make them failures by crying down their works, and then also whisper their reputation away by your hangers-on?"

There follows some further rubbish of the same sort, together with an attempted exposition of the publisher's conduct by the sagacious Pounce, which is perfectly inexplicable. In spite of literature, Lord Morven is unable to free himself from pecuniary liabilities. The publisher had burked his *magnum opus* "by withholding advertisements and other mean dodges." The Marchioness of Neuchateau was a warm friend of Lord Morven's first wife. Her husband, who cares for nothing but brandy and cigars, is afraid that Morven will borrow money of him, as he is, or believes himself to be, a kinsman. The Marchioness discovers Lord Morven's poor lodgings and calls upon him, offering assistance, which he declines. He informs her that he is living "incog.," yet, in the next chapter, the servant-girl reveals his name and title to some drunken rascals patronized by the Marquis, who are eager to rouse the jealousy of their master. We allow that, in his description of these "horsy-looking, soapy, sponge-accounted gents," Captain Curling has kept closely to real life. If a short-hand writer were to go into a gin-palace on a Saturday night, and take down the conversation at the bar, the same kind of accuracy would be attained. These sporting gentlemen, or "gents," pronounce that things in general, and the visit of

the Marchioness in particular, are very "rum;" they declare that they are "blowed;" that "this ere swell," meaning Lord Morven, is "a knowing cove;" and use a number of other phrases which are frequently heard in Billingsgate or in Shoreditch. Equally "real," too, is the influence they exert over their drunken master, who, having been made a duke by the death of his father, is forced to depart this life at a convenient point for the progress of the story. Meanwhile, Lord Morven, being assailed "tooth and nail" by his legal opponent, Graball, is placed in the Fleet Prison, without the knowledge of the Duchess or of her mother, who are surprised he does not visit them. Lady Lucy Montacute wonders if she has said anything to offend him:—

"Men are sometimes rather touchy," said Lady Lucy: "my first husband, dear good man, was a little irritable at times; and now, I recollect, I did say something the last day I saw Lord Morven, which made him look rather confused."

"What was that?"

"Why, I was talking about you, dearest, and running on in my usual silly way, and regretting that one so beautiful and good was tied to so unworthy a husband; and somehow I said something about wishing the man was dead, and that you yourself was married to one more worthy."

"The Duchess felt annoyed." It was very foolish, my dear mother, to say that, and a little unfeeling," she said.

"Well, perhaps it was, and it was somewhat odd, too, that at that very moment your husband was deceased. And do you know, dearest, I believe I said that I wished our dear good friend had such a wife himself."

This conversation occurs in the park, where Sir Peter Pounce is wandering in patched boots and fingerless gloves, "inhaling the breeze from the Serpentine." Sir Peter had risen in the world during Lord Morven's absence in India, but, unfortunately, he dabbled in railroads, "bought shares, became a director, went the pace, and got a smash." The two ladies are glad to give him a seat in their carriage, undaunted by the rents in his coat, his greasy hat, and dirty shirt-collar. They invite him home to tea, which is served up with a cold fowl and bottle of champagne for the little man, who recites verses from Pope with his mouth full of bread and butter, which he observes is "most enticing," while the tea is "quite like the nectar of the gods." Altogether, the knight acts and converses in a style which is somewhat unusual in a gentleman who had held a high government position, and had afterwards become the private secretary to a nobleman. We should like to ask Captain Curling whether the following conversation between a lady of rank and a gentleman accustomed to good society could possibly occur in real life. We must premise that Sir Peter had received a good salary from the Duchess, payable in advance, in the secret hope that by his aid intercourse with Lord Morven would be renewed:—

"You were, I think, employed by the Duchess as a sort of agent some weeks back?"

"I was, my Lady."

"And paid your salary in advance?"

"Quite true, my Lady."

"And what have you done for it?"

"Absolutely nothing, my Lady."

"Something was expected of you."

"I wish to goodness, then, I knew what that something was."

"I thought you would surmise."

"I wish to goodness I could."

"Lady Lucy looked at Sir Peter in order to see if he was really as dull of comprehension as he appeared, and for the first time she observed that he was dressed in the identical shabby suit he was clad in when he dined with them at Richmond."

"Dear me, Sir Peter," she said, "you seem singularly out at elbows this morning; it was but the other day I was remarking to the Duchess what a beau you had become, and now—"

"And now I am hardly presentable," said Pounce, interrupting her.

"Well, I must say you are rather—"

"Queerly toggled," again interrupted Pounce. "There is indeed reason for what your Ladyship advances."

"And where then is your smart guard-chain, and the brilliant rings you wore a few days back, Sir Peter?"

"I am afraid, at my uncle's."

"Your uncle's?"

"Yes, my uncle's."

"I did not know you had an uncle."

"Or a grandfather either, I suppose. Well then, suffice it to say that my whole wardrobe, Lady Lucy, went last week to the pop shop."

"The pop shop? do you mean to say you have pawned your clothes?"

The end of the story is, that the Duchess or her mother, who is resolved that her daughter shall marry Lord Morven, rescue that nobleman from prison; and, as it is unsafe for him to remain in England, they propose that he shall accompany them

as their escort to Rome. This affords Lady Lucy an admirable opportunity for pressing her favourite scheme, which she does not scruple to do to the uttermost; and at length, as Lord Morven is apparently slow of comprehension, she endeavours to "set the matter right" by declaring that her daughter loves him, and that the best mode of escaping from his financial embarrassments is to marry her and make her happy. Lord Morven takes the advice, and Captain Curling concludes his story. "Murder will out, so will vulgarity," exclaims the author. We believe it.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Druids. By the Rev. John B. Pratt, M.A. (L. & G. Smith, Aberdeen.) We are glad to get any information, be it ever so little, respecting the famous Druids; and we welcome Mr. Pratt's endeavour to paint in their true colour a people who have long been the subject of controversy. The author naturally begins with an explanation of the name *Druid*, giving the opinions of different writers respecting its derivation. "Druid," he says, "is by many thought to be derived from the Greek word *drus*, signifying an oak; and in support of this etymology they adduce the well-established fact that the Druids held the oak to be sacred." Now, it is more probable that the name of a British order sprang from a British word. As Welsh is the principal branch of the Celtic tongue, and as Anglesea was the headquarters of the Druids, it is much more likely that the name is a corruption of the Welsh word *derwydd*, which means a lover of the oak (*derw*); and *derwyddion*, being the plural of *derwydd*, is the name by which the Druids are known in Wales to this day. The real root—if we wish to go back so far—of the Greek word *drus* and the Welsh *derw* (pronounced *deroo*), might have been the same, as their signification is the same; although it is improbable that the latter is derived from the former, because the language of Cambria, buried as its origin is in the remotest antiquity, is perhaps as old as the language of Greece. As there is in the Welsh generally no indication of a Grecian source, we rather think the trifling similarity between these two words is merely accidental. But it is surprising that Mr. Pratt, in investigating the word *Druid*, should talk about a foreign root and overlook the Welsh *derwydd*, which, knowing the Druids' attachment to the oak, presents itself so naturally. Where was the Druids' home? What language was spoken in the land they inhabited, and what language did they speak themselves? Can we look to a better place than the Celtic tongue for the origin of the name of a Celtic tribe? The oldest branch of that tongue is Welsh. *Pryddain*, the name which the Druids gave their deity, is Welsh. *Cuer Sidi*, the name of the Druidical temple, is Welsh. Hence it is reasonable to believe that the name of the Druids themselves has a Welsh origin. But Mr. Pratt goes on to say that, according to Huddleston and others, "Druid is a Celtic term, signifying magician." This may or may not be true, for aught we know, but it proves nothing. Neither does Toland, whom the author quotes, assist him in his subject by saying that "the Druids were so prevalent in Ireland that to this hour their ordinary word for magician is *drui*." It is more probable that magicians were called Druids because they adopted a peculiar art practised by the Druidical priests, than that the latter were called after the former. The Druids were so ancient an order, that it is questionable whether magic was known in Britain before their time, and probable that they first introduced it. Of course, the modern Irish word for magician might have the same origin; and might have sprung from the fact of the Druids being versed in magic. It is curious to observe Mr. Pratt's attempt to trace the idea of the altars which they built on elevated ground to the Tower of Babel. Not content with comparing the religious design of the former with that of the latter, he says, "The tower is supposed to have had something to do with the study of astronomy; and in this respect also the Druidical circles bore a striking resemblance to that great prototype." He might almost as well have said that the Tower of Babel is the origin of our modern churches and chapels, as affirm such a thing of the Druidical places of worship.

The object of the people on the plain of Shinar was to arrive at the greatest possible height. They might have availed themselves of the convenience of their building to examine the planetary system, or the beauty of the surrounding terrestrial scenery. But we all know that their work was intended to secure them, through their lofty position, from the waters of a second deluge. Now, none of the Druidical temples are famous for height. There is no evidence of the Druids ever having aimed at lofty structures. Nor is there any reason to think that they, though ridiculously ignorant, were quite so foolish as to believe that their few large stones gathered in a circle would place them out of the reach of a flood, or bear any comparison with the lofty Tower of Babel. Further on, the author says, "The Druidical circles were generally [not always] erected on an eminence—not frequently on hill-tops, and in many instances surrounded by oak." He then makes a second reference to the Tower of Babel, as a "reason assigned" for this selection of elevated spots. We confess our inability to perceive the force of that reason. Seeing, by the different places where their marks remain, that the Druids did not consider high ground absolutely necessary for the attainment of their object, whatever it was, we rather think that in choosing a hill-top they were not so ambitious to imitate the builders of Babel, as desirous of a convenient place for religious worship. If they "worshiped the sun" (as the author tells us at page 24), a hill-top seems to us of all places the most convenient. But if their deity was not the sun, it was something else in nature which renders their choice of an eminence equally proper. Something like a love of enterprise leads Mr. Pratt into extravagant ideas, such as his Tower of Babel theory. He is too fond of imagining sources and origins, which he is too negligent to support by the necessary amount of argument. He is an able rhetorician, but a slovenly reasoner. His opinions seem to be indecisive and his ideas confused. His work shows great research, and at the same time is not without originality.

Pictures in a Mirror. By W. M. Thomas. (Groombridge & Sons: 1861.) Why in a mirror? The best plate-glass, backed by the most excellent preparation of mercury, can reflect nothing but the exact semblance of the scene which is before it. A picture is a picture all the world over, and the aid of a looking-glass can add nothing to its reality and truthfulness. It may be, however, that this title is intended as a sort of puff of the article supplied within—that the mirror is Mr. Thomas's reflective mind, and the little stories and sketches of which this volume consists, the phantasmagoria which have from time to time swept across that unsullied expanse. If this be so, we can but welcome them as genuine human impressions, while at the same time we would pray that nothing so melancholy may ever come near our own path. We speak here more particularly of the two stories with which the volume leads off. They have the one advantage of brevity over the common run of stories, which greatly enhances their natural value. In each case, the excitement culminates after ten minutes' reading, and five minutes more leads us to regard the whole as a fiction which we have read with an interest of which we are now slightly ashamed. The majority of the articles herein collated are, however, far removed from the region of positive fiction. They chiefly regard those *quædam alia*, which Mr. Sala discourses about so eloquently, after he has fully discussed *omnes res*. But in respect either of vigour or research, no real comparison between the two authors can be instituted. Mr. Thomas's style is neither pointed nor humorous, and in many instances, his subjects, though their treatment throws a sort of blue-light on portions of English history, are not such as Englishmen love to contemplate. "A Night of Tortures" is not a lively title to begin with; and when we are halfway through an appalling description of the horrible reprisals inflicted by the smugglers of Sussex upon an informer of the seventeenth century, we are glad that we are in no ways bound to finish it, and turning over the pages hastily, we meet, with a sense of relief, our old used-up friend, Covent Garden in the early morning, disguised under the title of "The Abbot's Garden." It is somewhat

amusing to note the way in which a man who has a violent *animus* against something or somebody will stealthily slip in a sly hit at the object of his aversion, in the midst of most irrelevant topics. The wretched toru-winged butterfly, Protection, is crushed most unmercifully on Mr. Thomas's wheel. The vengeance of the smugglers afore-mentioned was, in his eyes, justifiable to a degree; their trade being an evil which may be excused by oppressive imposts; and when, in a free cosmopolitan frame of mind, he intimates his willingness to discern beauties in all human objects, he makes this reservation, "I am ready to try anything except patent medicines and protectionist ministers;" a double alliteration worthy of the noble scorn of the sentiment. "Twelve miles from the Royal Exchange" is another sally at the same foes; it is a sparkling description of a conservative stronghold. The sarcasm, though obvious, is amusing, and must have made W. B. tremble when first it appeared in print, and Mr. Disraeli own that that terrible something so long "looming in the future" had come at last. In general respects we have before us a reproduction of what appear to be average articles from a minor magazine. Many of them are so slight that we arrive at the journey's end before we know whither we are bound. But to those who appreciate information about trifling facts, and admire superficial social speculations, many of them will doubtless prove interesting. "Going Hopping," for instance, is a very carefully elaborated description of the Kentish hop-gatherings, and has only this one fault; that it does not provoke in us the slightest desire to be on the spot; it is correct without being picturesque. Perhaps the mirror itself was a little dull that morning.

The Providence of God manifested in Natural Law. By John Duncanson, M.D. (George Manwaring.)—Although Dr. Duncanson asserts that his object is to advocate a conception of the Divine agency adapted to the present state of our knowledge, we can discover no arguments in this volume which have not been advanced by sceptics again and again, to be again and again refuted by believers in the Christian faith. That the doctrine of special providence tends to encourage superstition; that prayer is useless, since the laws of nature are constant; that no book is exclusively sacred, since more or less of truth is to be found in all writings; that a miracle is a breach of order, and "therefore an evidence, not of supernatural power, but of confusion and unreason;" that if a miracle be a violation of natural laws, it is an impossibility; that if we admit that God may act after a uniform manner at one time, and in a way contrary to that uniformity at another, "we weaken the evidence of His existence, which is derived from the observation of nature;" and that truth is sacred, not because it rests upon external authority, but because it is perceived by the mind itself to be truth,—these are a few of the more prominent arguments or assertions advanced by the author. Dr. Duncanson has made no fresh breach on Christianity. He tilts with a straw, and we doubt if any champion of the faith will care to lift a lance against him.

Old Bones; or, Notes for Young Naturalists. (Hardwicke.) is the somewhat quaint title given by the Rev. W. S. Symonds to a well-written and admirably illustrated manual for the student of natural history, and one which we have no doubt will become extensively popular. It has been compiled from notes made by the author during his experimental study of the science, and the "young naturalist" will not be disappointed with his guide.

A Catechism of Latin Grammar (Cassell) is handy in size and shape and well printed, and, what is more to the point, will be found a useful aid to the teacher in the schoolroom. It is not free from faults, as we could easily show if space allowed; but it represents a good idea very fairly worked out.

Peter Little and the Lucky Sixpence, The Frog's Lecture, and other Stories. 4th Edition. (Hardwicke.) If we may judge from the edition now before us, these small nursery rhymes are warmly welcomed by small people. Children's literature is not necessarily childish, and the writer of "Peter Little" seems to have kept clear of nursery nonsense on the one side, and sober moralizing on the other.

Footsteps to Fame: a Book to Open other Books. By Hain Friswell. (Groombridge.) The style in which this book is written is deserving of praise; the object of the writer is equally praiseworthy. But unfortunately, though the idea of the volume is a good one, it has been worked out so often and so well, that there is not much room for Mr. Friswell's *Footsteps to Fame*. The *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, Self-Help*, and several other books, have completely filled up what was once a vacuum, and our English youth scarcely require a fresh spur to incite them on to fame or fortune. We must add, however, that the book, considered in itself, is cleverly put together, and affords several chapters of pleasant reading.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Abbott (Col. James), *Prometheus's Daughter*, a Poem, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. Smith and Elder.
Austin (A.), *The Season*, a Satire, post 8vo, 5s. [Hardwicke].
Bancroft (G.), *History of United States*, vols. vi. and vii., 12mo, boards 5s., cloth 6s. Routledge.
Barrett (A. C.), *Companion to New Testament*, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Bell.
Board (J. R.), *Scripture Service Book*, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Simpkin.
Bickersteth's *England's Daybreak*, second edition, 12mo, 5s. Seeley.
Carlyle (H.), *Manual of Psalmody*, second edition, 12mo, 1s. and 2s. 6d. Haddon.
Cassell's *Handbook of Civil Service*, 12mo, 1s.
Cassell's *Natural History*, vols. I. and II., 1 vol., royal 8vo, 15s.
Cattlow (Agnes and M.), *Sketching Rambles, or Nature in the Alps and Apennines*, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Hoger.
Cautions for the Times, edited by Archbishop of Dublin, third edition, 8vo, 7s. 6d. Parker.
Davidson (A. P.), *Outlines of Hebrew Accentuation*, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Williams and Norgate.
Ellis (D.), *Armenian Origin of the Etruscans*, 8vo, 7s. 6d. J. W. Parker.
Ellis (W.), *Philo-Socrates*, part I, *Among the Boys*, 12mo, 1s. Smith and Elder.
Fairbairn (W.), *Treatise on Mills and Millwork*, part I, 8vo, 16s. Longman.
Fanny Lincoln, or Mount Daisy, 18mo, 1s. Knight.
Goodwin (H.), *Guide to the Parish Church*, third edition, 18mo, 1s. Bell.
Hannay (James), *Essays from the Quarterly Review*, 8vo, 14s. Hurst and Blackett.
Heaven our Home, fifth edition, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
Holmes (O. W.), *Elsie Venner*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Hyde (J. T.), *Elements of Gunnery*, being part 2 of *Straith's Fortifications*, royal 8vo, 12s. Allen.
Journal of British Archaeological Association, 1860, 8vo, 31s. 6d. Longman.
Last of the Old Squires, a Sketch, new edition, 12mo, 4s. 6d. Longman.
Mabel's Cross, by E. M. P., 2 vols., post 8vo, 15s. W. Johnson.
M'Ilvaine (Bishop), *True Temple, or Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Seeley.
Newman (E.), *Insect Hunters*, and other Poems, second edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Van Voorst.
Nicholls (B.), *Book of Proverbs Explained*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Christian Knowledge Society.
Original Songs for Rifle Volunteers, by Lover, Mackay, and T. Miller, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Simpkin.
Our Position on the Map of Prophecy, 8vo, 1s. Simpkin.
Parker (J. H.), *Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture*, second edition, 12mo, 5s. J. H. Parker.
Pears (S. A.), *Short Sermons on Elements of Christian Truth*, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Hatchard.
Pearson (C. W.), *Early and Middle Ages of England*, 8vo, 12s. Bell.
Peter Schlemihl, translated by Sir J. Bowring, third edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Hardwicke.
Port Royal Logic, translated by Baynes, fifth edition, 12mo, 5s. Simpkin.
Ragg (T.), *Creation's Testimony to its God*, new edition, post 8vo, 5s. and 3s. 6d. Griffin.
Rawnsley (R. D.), *Course of Sermons for Sundays and Chief Holidays*, post 8vo, 9s. Hatchard.
Recreative Science, vol. II., 4to, 7s. 6d.
Rothbom (J. B.), *Comic Astronomy, or Moonshine for Sunstruck People*, 16mo, 1s., coloured 2s. 6d.
Scriptural Instruction for Least and Lowest, new edition, 3 vols., 18mo, 7s. 6d. Seeley.
Smith (G., Bishop of Victoria), *Ten Weeks in Japan*, 8vo, 14s. Longman.
Smith (W.), *Student's Manual of Ancient Geography*, post 8vo, 9s. Murray.
Syria Miscellanies, notes by B. H. Cowper, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Williams and Norgate.
Tapermon (P. E.), *Encyclopaedic Guide to French Language*, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Bateman.
Todd (J.), *Lectures to Children*, first series, 18mo, 1s. Knight.
Townson (Rev. C. J.), *Gospel Truths, Parochial Sermons for Great Festivals*, 12mo. Bell.
Treatise on Proper Condition of all Horses, by Theory new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Newby.
Trollope (A.), *Castle Richmond*, new edition, post 8vo, 5s. Chapman and Hall.
Trollope (A.), *Franklin Parsonage*, 3 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Smith and Elder.

White (Walter), *A Month in Yorkshire*, second edition, 12mo, 4s. Chapman and Hall.
White (Walter), *London's Walk to Land's End, and Trip to Scilly Isles*, 2nd edition, 12mo, 4s. Chapman and Hall.
Wilson (J. H.), *Golden Fountain, or Bible Truth Unfolded*, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Nelson.
Woman's Service on the Lord's Day, Preface by Bishop of Rochester, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Seeley.

EXHIBITION AT THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

The collection of mediæval antiquities, which has been for some days exhibited at the Archæological Institute, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, was closed on Wednesday last. The collection consisted chiefly of rare specimens of needlework and embroidered vestments, executed during the period between the latter end of the twelfth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries; and of rich bindings in embroidery and leather, from the fifteenth century to the present time. But in addition to these were numerous miscellaneous and highly interesting articles of *verru*. Of the embroidered sacred vestments, the mitre of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of white silk, ornamented with stripes of gold and scarlet, was the most ancient, and, from its associations, the most noteworthy. It formerly belonged to the Cathedral of Sens, and has, we understand, been lately transferred to His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, by whom it was exhibited. A chasuble of the close of the twelfth century coincided singularly, both in the use of the bold acanthus pattern and in the colours of the silks, with the style of ornamentation distinctive of the illuminated manuscripts of the same century. Amongst the other vestments most worthy of notice were the Sion Cope, exhibited by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne of Newport; a crimson cope (Henry VII.) decorated with portcullises and bordered with SS; a chasuble of the sixteenth century, exhibited by the Rector of Stonyhurst College, remarkable not only for its marvellously perfect state of preservation, but for the curious fact that in the scene of the Crucifixion, depicted on it, the Saviour is represented on the cross clothed in a black dalmatic, the chalice beneath one of his feet. A dalmatic, in its rich glory of crimson cut velvet and gold, contributed by Sir Piers Mostyn, of Trelacre, was perhaps the finest example of this vestment exhibited. Among the smaller rarities must be mentioned a magnificently carved ivory casket, of about the middle of the fourteenth century, set in gold, and divided into twenty-four compartments, illustrating the mediæval romance of the *Cherchier au Cygne*, or Knight of the Swan; a small portrait of Queen Mary, executed while she was in France, the original setting ornamented with roses and lilies, emblematic of France and England; a book of sermons, with the autograph on the first leaf of "Katoryn the Queene, K. P." (Catherine Parr), exhibited by Messrs. Boone; a miniature likeness of Charles I., by Matt. Snelling, 1647, the portrait covered with talc, instead of glass; the looking-glass of Nell Gwynn, the glass execrable, and set in a frame of tawdry bead-work; a pair of well-worn garters belonging to Henrietta Maria; leather hawk-gloves of James I.; the state purse of Lord Chancellor North for carrying the seals; old lace, &c. &c. Of the numerous bindings some of the finest—particularly the Groliers—were exhibited by Felix Slade, Esq.

By the liberal permission of the Master of the Rolls, the indentures between Henry VII., the Abbot of Westminster, and other parties, for services for the benefit of the King's soul, were brought for exhibition, under the custody of Mr. Burt and Mr. Nelson, of the Public Records office. These volumes, sumptuously bound in crimson velvet, with enamelled arms and badges in silver, have the original seals appended, in silver skippets for their better preservation. The Ven. the Archdeacon of London very kindly brought also the counterpart of one of these documents which is in possession of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in order that comparison might be made with the magnificent indentures preserved at the Rolls.

While gladly acknowledging the liberality of the owners in permitting these valuable relics to be exhibited, no less than the courtesy with which the public were granted admission by the Secretary to the Institute, we should fail in our duty as

critics did we not deprecate the very meagre and imperfect manner in which the objects were labelled for description. Some of the most interesting of all—for example, the ivory casket above-mentioned,—had absolutely no descriptive label whatever, while of others the description given was insufficient and misleading. Even persons possessed of a knowledge of mediæval antiquities gained less information from the exhibition than they might have done had more care been bestowed in affixing some description to each of the objects, with the approximate or presumed date of its execution; while the majority of visitors (however thankful for being allowed to see at all) must have carried away with them little more than a confused vision of rich velvets, faded ecclesiastical vestments, book-covers apparently of all ages, nondescript ivory carvings, and specimens of *Miss Linwood's needlework*! We venture to make this remark in no captious spirit, but alike in the interest of the public, of the exhibitors, and of the Archæological Institute itself.

THE LAST OF THE LONDON STEELYARD.*

AND so we are to lose another of the time-honoured institutions of the metropolis, in the clutching gripe of our all-powerful iron rails. The Steelyard of Thames Street is condemned; its gloomy alleys and sombre passages are to give way to the noisy bustle and frequent traffic of a London railway station. True it is, the site and institution had long succumbed to the improved system of trade and the exigencies of the time, after the necessities of an infant commerce and early intercourse with foreign countries had ceased; and now that the place must soon entirely change its features, and the last remnant of an *imperium in imperio* come to be a thing of the past, it may be well to put on record a few facts regarding its first establishment and subsequent fortunes in the centre of our large metropolis, but almost entirely isolated in its rules and government from those guarding the rest of the City.

For this purpose, we have luckily a full and complete aid in the work now before us, by a gentleman fully competent, viz. Dr. J. M. Lappenberg, whose situation as archivist of the town of Hamburg gave him the fullest opportunity to furnish many unpublished documents from the archives of his native city, as well as from the Hanseatic repositories of Lübeck, Rostock, and other places which belonged to that great trading confederation of the Middle Ages; and by their factory in London are superadded such matters relating to it, as he found noted in our own historians on the mutual connection of the stranger merchants with the native traders.

The first settlements of the northern Hanse Town in England is a subject beyond our present inquiry; they are called the East or Ostmen, and by Lydgate Esterlinges, in his account of the procession of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses to meet Henry VI. on his return from his coronation at Paris, in 1481:

"And for to remember of other alyens,
First, Jenevyes, thought they were strangers,
Florentynex, and Venecyous,
And Ederlinges, glad in her maneres."

We may merely state that their connection with Bishopsgate, and their patron St. Botolph, to whose honour the adjoining church, with that invocation, indicates a pre-Saxon establishment by the earliest settlers. So late back as 1282, we have an original document in the archives of Lübeck, of an agreement between the merchants of the German Hanse and the citizens of London, for the restoration of Bishopsgate, which these foreigners, though obligated to its repairs, had suffered to fall into neglect.

This inland site must soon have been found unsuitable to the wants of a growing and sea-borne traffic; like their factories at Novgorod, Wisby in the Baltic, and Bergen in Norway, we always find

* *Urkundliche Geschichte des Hansischen Stadhofes in London*. Von J. M. Lappenberg, Dr. (4to, Hamburg.) In zwei Abtheilungen, mit vier Tafeln im Steindruck. VI., und erste Abtheilung, 172; zweite (Urkunden), 218 pp.

Documentary History of the Steelyard in London. By Dr. J. M. Lappenberg. In Two Divisions, with Four Lithographic Plates. VI., and 1st Division, 172 pp.; second (Documents), 218 pp.

them in these places as at the Steelyard near Dowgate, in a favourable position, with a landing wharf and warehouse, and a common dwelling-house and dormitories, a hall, and all necessary offices of a corporate body, with the inevitable St. Botolph's sacred edifice adjoining. In fact, so undeviating an accompaniment to a Hanseatic factory was a fane dedicated to St. Botolph, that possibly an earlier settlement than that in London was at Boston, in Lincolnshire,—a name well known as only a contraction of Botolph's Town, from the still existing magnificent church under that invocation. In these factories it is impossible to refuse to acknowledge the distinct resemblance to the origin and progress of our magnificent Indian Empire, from beyond the Indus to the earliest sources of the Ganges. Whoever passes along Thames Street, betwixt All-Hallows Lane and Dow (rectius *deaux*) gate Wharf, and separated from them by a high dead wall from all exterior communication except by two heavy gateways, can almost trace the resemblance of what may have been the appearance of the first modest structure that we gained permission to erect on the banks of the Ganges. Happily the resemblance fails both in the weakness of the Asiatic natives and in the valour and perseverance of their aggressors. We are, thanks to a Warren Hastings, a Clive, a Wellington, and more recently a Gough, a Havelock, and our gallant armies, now neither the subjects of a mere commercial corporation of foreigners, nor have, in the walls of our metropolis, an *imperium in imperio*, governed by differing laws from those of the rest of the lieges, and, in fact, in some respects more favourable than those of the native subjects. The Gilde Hall community of the Stalh-hof enjoyed an exemption from all the customary tolls, for a fixed annual sum; all offences by its members were under the exclusive cognizance of their own *ältermänner*, or aldermen, and we cannot fancy that their penalties would have been heavy or rigorously exacted.

We cannot now pursue the ancient fortunes of this institution further, though such inquiry would give some interesting elucidations of our early English manners, and their estimation from a foreign point of view. We will hasten to the most curious portion of the volume, where, at p. 102 of his second division, Dr. Lappenberg gives a transcript of the statute-book of the Hanseatic Counting-House, from a Low German MS., 1320 to 1460. It is written in that earliest dialect of the Teutonic tongue, the Low German, from a very incorrect MS. in the library of the Commercial Corporation of Hamburg. Such passages as are palpably erroneous Dr. Lappenberg corrects, without notice; what is thoroughly corrupt he mentions in a note.

The document dates from the year 1447, on the 20th May: "Do men schref viertynhundert und souvenunvertich iær up den negen und twyngesten dach in dem Meye;" and was settled by the three then ruling burgomasters—*Johan Kelicsburch*, of Lübeck; *Herr Viche von der Hude*, of Hamburg; and *Herr Hynrick Vorradt*, of Danzig. In a note the author corrects the above date from *Rymer's Fodera* (vol. v. pt. i. p. 39) to 1439, as on the 23d May of that year the above three burgomasters made a treaty with Henry VI., according to its confirmation, 7th June of the same year.

This entire document well deserves an English translation, as a very authentic and detailed account of a social institution which must necessarily have received much of its colouring from the large city by which it was surrounded.

In the first paragraph these Elders swear to uphold and preserve all the freedom and rights which the merchants of the German Hanse are privileged to in the kingdom of England, and all the merchants' rights and ordinances that the Hanse League has ordered and established against every man, whether rich or poor. This entire codex of private regulation runs through sixty-one paragraphs, all of great historical value, out of which we will extract only a single one, as showing that, like at the time present, the so-called "social evil" was greatly prevalent, and required strong repression. The thirty-fifth paragraph is headed, "*De lose Wyne up den Hofbrigen*," which, as a specimen of the language, we will give in the original, with a translation:—

"Item: Iut jar wesen heren mccccxli, up den xii dach van Mayen, wort geordinet by den olderman und geseinen

koepman, dat gen man van der Hense up den Stalh-hof bryngen en schal in synce husinge lose wyne ofte unkeiseit dar ummentrent drynen, up de bote xx sch. to voreborende. Und we dat unser selcoop mielden kan, de schal hebben van den voracenen xx sch. xi penn. Und det was geordinet umme to verhoedende de grote ungonst verliach, und schene de der gemen selcoop seegen up de tit van den naders van der ward, und vel quades to verhoedende dat darnae kansen mochte in tokanmenden tyden."

"Item: In the year of our Lord 1449, on the 12th of May, was ordered by the alderman and commonality, that no one shall bring into the precincts of the Stalh-hof any loose women into his house, or commit scandal near it, under the penalty of paying twenty shillings. And who shall so inform our society, shall receive of the twenty shillings, forty pence. And this was ordered to hinder the great disgrace, reproach, and shame brought at present upon the community by the neighbours of the ward, and to hinder much evil that may be apprehended for the future."

W. B.

SCIENCE.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A full Meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening; Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Vice-President, in the chair.

Among those present were Admirals W. Bowles and Sir G. Back; Generals C. R. Fox, Sir C. Pasley, J. R. C. Crawford, and W. Monteith; Sir Henry Rawlinson; the Bishop of Labuan; the Earl of Sheffield; Viscount Strangford; Lord Keane; Lord Alfred Churchill; Lord Lilford; Sir J. G. Shaw Lefevre; M. du Chailly; Colonels Lefroy, Shaffner, of the U.S., W. M. Lloyd, and Lane Fox; Captains Willis, Sherard Osborn, G. A. and E. J. Bedford, Cochrane, Tindall, and Burstall, R.N.; Sir Harry Verney, M.P.; Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P.

Commander Peché H. Dyke, R.N.; the Rev. C. H. Wallace; Robert Armstrong, and E. W. H. Schenley, Esquires, were presented upon their election.

Colonel W. Anderson, C.B.; the Earl of Erroll; Lieut.-Col. G. P. Evelyn; Captain Fitzgerald; the Hon. Dudley Fortescue, M.P.; Captain Francis Green; Dr. James Hector, M.D.; Rev. John Henn; Consul G. S. Lennox Hunt; Colonel James Holland; Captain Richard Llenellyn; Lieuts. H. Matthew Miller, R.N., and J. B. Arundel Acland; John Baker; H. Lewis Bartlett; Higford Burr; Alfred John Elkington; W. Kennedy Erskine; R. W. Kennard, M.P.; Patrick C. Leckie; W. John Legh, M.P.; F. Lehmann; Swallow Leyland; T. Kerr Lynch; W. Morgan, R.N.; T. Page, C.E.; L. M. Rata; W. Reid, C.E.; Graham Moore; Robertson, James Theobald, jun., C. Essington Walker, Esquires, were elected Fellows.

Geological specimens, collected by Mr. F. T. Gregory in North-Western Australia, were exhibited by Professor Tennant, F.R.G.S.; and some specimens of Australian native workmanship by Captain W. Parker Snow.

The Papers read on this occasion were—1st, a communication to Dr. Norton Shaw from Mr. Frank Gregory, F.R.G.S., who had been despatched, under the auspices of the Society, for the purpose of exploring the north-western parts of Australia; 2nd, a despatch from Governor Sir G. Bowen, on the capabilities of the new colony of Queensland for the production of cotton, with Memoranda on the Ports of North-East Australia, by Mr. A. C. Gregory, F.R.G.S.; with Report on the Exploring Expedition to the Mouths of the Burdekin, by Mr. J. W. Smith, R.N.; and an account of the attempt of Sir Richard MacDonnell, the Governor of South Australia, to penetrate into the interior by much the same route as had been previously taken by Mr. Stuart and Mr. Babbage. All these communications partook more of the nature of short letters than the regular papers usually read before the Society, and the chief interest in the proceedings lay in the discussion to follow, as to the value of Australia generally, and Queensland in particular, as a cotton-growing country. Sir G. Bowen's communication spoke in the highest terms of the fertility of Queensland, and of the immense extent of rich prairie soil capable of producing cotton of the very finest quality. The climate, though almost tropical, was remarkably fine and healthy, and it was found that the wool even of the merino sheep did not deteriorate, gaining in softness and fineness what it lost in weight. In these parts of North-East Australia the

progress of colonization was most rapid, and the boundaries of civilization and Christianity were extended at the rate of some 200 miles a year. Governor MacDonnell's communication stated that he started into the interior from the south with an escort of mounted police. He found, as he proceeded inland, that the want of water was very great: so much so as to make this portion of the interior quite inaccessible to cattle in the month of January. His party had suffered much from the heat, thirst, and the hot, dry, arid nature of the sandy soil over which they had to travel. After journeying some days into the interior they determined to equip a lighter expedition, to endeavour to penetrate into the Warburton tract, and also to keep along the route by which Stuart had entered. The ordinary maps of the country were of no use whatever; but fortunately they had with them a small map which had been marked out by Mr. Macdonall Stuart. After leaving the Strangeway springs they found they had no chance of falling in with water for the next forty-five miles. They carried on a supply with them, much of which was unfortunately lost, and continued forward till they came in the tracks of Mr. Stuart's party, but met with no water, and their privations became so severe that they at last determined to return. Fortunately, one of their scouts found a fine spring about two miles ahead of where they had halted, which restored both the men and cattle. Had this not been providentially discovered, most of the cattle and many of the men would have been unable to return to the Strangeway springs. While at the latter halting-place, a man, who had apparently deserted from Mr. Stuart's party, joined the camp, and stated that Mr. Stuart was then surveying Mount Charles, and that for some time past the whole party had been on half rations. On the return of Sir Richard, however, he found that supplies of provisions had been sent to Mr. Stuart, which must have reached him about that time.

In the discussion which ensued on these papers, Mr. J. Crawford, F.R.G.S., said that he sincerely believed, from the number of authentic accounts he had heard, that the colony of Queensland was capable of producing cotton enough to supply all Manchester. Unfortunately, however, the climate was equally well adapted for the cultivation of the sugar-cane, and he believed that that would displace the cotton. He thought that the scientific geographical world had now received sufficient evidence to show that the interior of the vast continent of Australia was a mere wild desert. Different exploring parties had penetrated so far from the south and from the north that had there been a range of mountains in the interior—mountains of 7000 or 8000 feet high—they must have seen them. Without such a chain of mountains there would be no water, and without water there would be utter sterility. Wherever such ranges existed, there would always be water, and water in the tropics meant fertility. Without such a range of mountains India would be a desert. He could not bring himself to think that Queensland was as good a place as it was represented for sheep. Queensland was in the latitude of Canton, and Canton was a great deal too hot for sheep. But of all places he had heard of, he believed it was most eminently fitted for the cultivation of cotton; and he had himself seen samples of cotton from there, both raw and manufactured, and he had rarely seen better specimens of either. They were quite equal, in his opinion, to the Sea Island cotton of Georgia and South Carolina.

The Hon. J. Baker, F.R.G.S., a member of the Legislative Council of Australia, differed entirely from the observation made by the last speaker, that the centre of Australia was a desert, and he should not be doing his duty if he were to allow such a remark to go forth uncontradicted. Sir Richard MacDonnell was not an explorer. He had started with Stuart's maps in his pocket, and yet he lost his way. (Laughter.) He went round the wrong side of Lake Phipps, and missed the Hermit Range, and what he had called the Denison Range was only the Hermit Hill of Mr. Babbage. Mr. Stuart was a light, spare, active man, who could, and constantly did, ride his fifty and sixty miles a day. Sir Richard MacDonnell was an aged man of 6 feet 2 inches, and weighed some twenty stone. What Sir

Richard MacDonnell, therefore, would call fatigue and privation, would very likely not be noticed at all by Mr. Stuart, to whose labours he conceived the Geographical Society could not award too high a meed of commendation. Now, Mr. Stuart himself had said that much of the interior of Australia was quite equal in fertility and in rich picturesque beauty to the O'Halloran hills, than which it was not possible to conceive a more lovely country. He thought that the safety with which the exploring parties had made and returned from the expeditions to the interior, proved that the country was not a desert, though he by no means meant to say that the whole of the vast interior would ever be profitable to work or hold. The banks of the Murray, and the whole of the splendid tract of country which it passed through, were also as well adapted as the fertile plains of Queensland, for the production of cotton. A few thousand pounds expended on that river, in the erection of some four or five lock-gates, would render navigable an immense extent of water, the banks on either side of which were equal in rich abundance and luxuriance of soil to the valley of the Nile.

Lord Alfred Churchill, M.P., F.R.G.S., did not think Mr. Baker had at all overrated the advantages of Australia as a fertile and good cotton-growing country. Australia was at present essentially a pastoral country. It now supplied 50,000,000 lbs. of wool a year to the manufacturers of this country, and he had not the least doubt that if the colonists took up the question of cotton-growing they would do equally well with that. He certainly did not think, from what he had heard, that Queensland was at all too hot for sheep. The alpaca or llama of South America had been introduced by Mr. Ledger, and the animals appeared to thrive very well indeed. If this important experiment succeeded, as there was now every reason to believe it would, flocks of these animals would add another and most profitable branch to colonial industry. There could be no doubt, from all the evidence they had heard, that immense tracts of country were pre-eminently fitted for the cultivation of cotton, and, in fact, there was no known part of Australia in which it could not be cultivated. Mr. Stuart had proved that the interior of Australia was not a desert, and the arid expanse from which the hot winds came must be looked for to the west of his new country.

Mr. B. Gee said he had been in Calcutta and in Queensland too, so he could judge of the relative merits of the two climates, and the advantages were incomparably in favour of the latter colony. The climate was unusually healthy, and vegetation was luxuriant beyond description. As he had received honourable mention from the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition for his samples of Australian cotton, grown at Queensland, he knew what the young colony could do in respect to that cultivation; but cotton required labour. Sheep (which he thought thrived splendidly at Queensland) fed themselves, but a cotton plantation required hands to look after it, and where were the colonists to get them? For a man and his wife the settler had to pay £70 a year, and the man expected to be allowed to smoke some eight or nine hours out of the ten. He lit his pipe to take out the sheep, and he lit it to smoke while he lay down and watched them. (Laughter.) If a settler going up the country wanted servants, he went to the depot, when he was met by those he wanted to hire with such questions as, "Are we allowed to have visitors?" "Will you have your washing done out?" and so on. And to terms like these they were obliged to agree, and to pay wages varying from £25 a year to £40. He was certainly an advocate for free labour, but, in the face of such facts as these, he was obliged to admit that convicts would do much more work in cotton plantations than any men whom the settlers could hire in the colony. He did not agree with the outcry that had been raised in the colony against the admission of what they called Sir George Grey's pets—the convicts. On principles of morality and humanity they were bound to give such men a chance of retrieving their position by honest labour. That they did so retrieve it was evidenced by the fact that nearly all the principal men in South Australia and New South Wales were the descendants of those who had been sent out as convicts. He had lived among convicts during one time for nearly a year, and his experi-

ence of them was, that they were quiet and generally inoffensive, and, above all, they were men that would work, for they were well aware that their masters had the power to compel them to do so, and that all their hopes for the future depended on their industry. At the same time, it would be useless sending out men only. If women were not sent out with the men, the men did not settle. If women were sent, the men married, established their homes, and laid the foundation of flourishing colonial communities. If, under proper regulations and arrangements, convicts were sent to Queensland for ten years, there would be cotton enough coming from that district alone to supply all Manchester. (Cheers.)

After some further discussion, in which Messrs. Childers and Roe and Captain Ducane took part,

The Chairman congratulated the Society upon the discussion which had taken place; and then stated that intelligence had been received from Captain Speke, the leader of the East African Expedition, of a fortnight later date than that which has already been communicated to the Society. He had reached the upland districts, but had not yet arrived at the Rubeho Pass. All of his Hottentot guard had suffered severely from fever, and three of them had to be sent back invalided to Zanzibar. The rest of the party were well.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Anniversary Meeting, April 10.—James Copland, M.D., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.

Captain W. E. Auriel and John Savory, Esq., Auditors, delivered in the balance-sheet of and report upon the accounts and condition of the Association, by which it appeared that during the past year there had been received £514. 18s. 1d., and payments made to the amount of £376. 18s. 6d.; leaving a balance in favour of the Association of £137. 19s. 7d., which, added to the balance of the previous audit of £97. 2s. 1d., increased the amount to £235. 1s. 8d. This sum included various contributions paid in aid of the *Collectanea Archaeologica*, the first part of which is just issued, and the accounts for which are not yet rendered.

During the year, sixty new associates had been elected, nineteen withdrawn, and by death the Society had lost ten members.

Thanks were voted to the President, Officers, Council, Auditors, Contributors of papers and exhibitions; and obituary notices of the deceased members were read by Mr. Pettigrew, the Treasurer: they comprised memoirs of Lord Lonsborough, Sir W. J. Browne Folkes, Bart., Captain Leicester Vernon, M.P., Sir Fortunatus Dwaris, G.P.R. James, Esq., General Sir Robert Harvey, C. B. Major, J. A. Moore, Thos. Smith, Esq., Christopher Lynch, Esq., and J. Adey Repton, Esq.

A ballot was taken for Officers and Council for the ensuing year, and the following returned as elected:—

President: Beriah Botfield, M.P., F.R.S., F.S.A. Vice-Presidents: James Copland, M.D., F.R.S.; George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A.; Nathaniel Gould, F.S.A.; James Heywood, F.R.S., F.S.A.; George Vere Irving; John Lee, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.; T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A.; Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S. Treasurer: T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A. Secretaries: J. R. Planché, *Rouge Croix*; H. Syer Cuming. Secretary for Foreign Correspondence: William Beattie, M.D. Paleographer: W. H. Black, F.S.A. Curator and Librarian: George R. Wright, F.S.A. Draftsman: Henry Clarke Pidgeon. Council: George Ade; John Alger; Wm. Harley Bayley, F.S.A.; John Evans, F.S.A.; J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S., F.S.A.; Gordon M. Hills; Thomas W. King, F.S.A., *York Herald*; Edward Leven, M.A., F.S.A.; Wm. Calder Marshall, R.A.; J. W. Previté; Rev. James Ridgway, M.A., F.S.A.; Edward Roberts, F.S.A.; Samuel R. Solly, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.; Robert Temple; Alfred Thompson; Albert Woods, F.S.A., *Lancaster Herald*; Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. Auditors: Cecil Brent, J. Sullivan.

The Society afterwards dined together at St. James's Hall.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 6th, 1861.—An Evening Meeting was held, Colonel Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair.

The following gentlemen were elected Resident

Members:—James Pilkington, Esq.; W. G. Goodliffe, Esq.; Alexander Charles Brice, Esq.; William W. Cargill, Esq.; James Waddell, Esq.; William Gladstone, Esq.; Theodore Harden, Esq.; Alexander Smith, Esq.; Lord Rollo; William Balston, Esq.; G. R. Haywood, Esq.;—and Gottlieb W. Leitner, Esq., a Non-Resident Member.

Two swords taken from the King of Delhi by the late Major Hodson, and presented to the Queen by his widow, were, by her Majesty's permission, exhibited, and explanations given of inscriptions on them. One had formerly belonged to the Emperor Jihaghir, the other to Nadir Shah. A sword belonging to the Society, and which was originally presented to the Earl of Rochester, the English Ambassador, by John Sobieski, King of Poland, and deliverer of Vienna when besieged the second time by the Turks, and two others, the property of E. Thomas, Esq., and formerly belonging to Ahmed Shah and Shah Shuja, were also exhibited.

A paper was read by William Balston, Esq., On the Importance and Lucrative Nature of Canals in India, to be so constructed as to serve the double purpose of irrigation and navigation. Several members offered remarks for or against some of the details of Mr. Balston's paper, but the utility and highly lucrative nature of such works, when judiciously planned, were admitted by all.

The next meeting was announced for the 20th instant, when portions of a translation from a native history of the Central African kingdom of Bornu will be read.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

April 4.—R. Warington, Esq., in the chair.

Messrs. T. Wood, R. Collyer, J. Henn, and F. Norrington, were elected Fellows; and Mr. J. H. Smith an Associate.

Dr. Guthrie read a paper "On some Derivatives from the Olefines."

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Friday, April 5.—Professor Donaldson in the chair.

The subjects selected for the occasion of this monthly meeting, in continuation of the series of special illustrations of arts and manners in older times, were textile fabrics and embroideries, with the bindings of books, enriched with very graceful designs, which appear to have originated in Italy.

Professor Donaldson opened the proceedings with a few remarks on the value of the novel arrangements for the meetings of the Institute, in giving to them a special and more definite character, and drawing forth from concealment numerous valuable examples, with materials auxiliary to the history, not only of the arts, but of mankind. He regretted that absence from England, in the discharge of duties entrusted to him by the Government, had deprived him of the gratification presented in the previous special exhibitions, especially that formed in February, the collection of bronzes, which had proved singularly attractive. The efforts of the Society thus directed could not fail, as he believed, to guide the taste, instruct the mind, promote a higher interest in the history of bygone ages, and in the development of Art, and, above all, in the history of our own country and its social progress throughout all times. Mr. Joseph Burt, one of the assistant keepers of Records, then brought before the Institute, by permission of Sir Henry James, the results of the new process of photozincography, as used for reproducing facsimiles of ancient documents. This subject, of so much importance to the archaeologist, had been unavoidably deferred at the previous monthly meeting. Mr. Burt now brought a set of the facsimile sheets of the *Domesday Book*, being the portion relating to Cornwall. He exhibited the facsimiles previously executed under the direction of the late Record Commissions, and other reproductions obtained by aid of tracings carefully engraved, and presenting a fair general resemblance to the original. In these, however, necessarily of costly execution and limited circulation, very numerous errors were to be found. Mr. Burt described the various expedients by which facilities and greater accuracy had been attained, and exhibited a series of specimens, including a portion of the *Domesday* for Kent, now in course of preparation for the Archaeological Society of that county. Still, however great the skill and care

exerted, the reproduction was always liable to imperfections, and the important aid of photography had been at length called into operation. To the director of the Ordnance Survey, Col. Sir H. James, the merit is due of discovering a process by which the photograph can be taken from the glass negative in such manner as to be at once transferred to zinc plates by means of a greasy ink, and printed off at once. Of this remarkable discovery Mr. Burt showed the results, explained the details of the process, and the imperfections which had already been in great degree overcome. The Master of the Rolls having determined that the *Domesday Book* should be rebound, a favourable occasion presented itself for the photographic reproduction of a portion whilst the sheets were detached. The precious record had been conveyed, under Mr. Burt's supervision, to the Survey Office, and the facsimiles, which will shortly be on sale at a very moderate price, proved most successful. Mr. Burt invited attention also to the reproduction of some leaves of Anglo-Saxon MS., discovered in the binding of a book in the Chapter Library at Gloucester, and brought before the Institute during their meeting there. The facsimiles exhibited by Professor Earle are destined to illustrate a memoir which he will shortly publish on the life and times of St. Swithin. Mr. Burt concluded by placing before the meeting the ancient covers of the *Domesday Book*, a venerable vestige of the art of bookbinding, which the Master of the Rolls had kindly permitted him to bring for examination; these, however, are long posterior in date to that of the Survey. In 1320, it appears that William the bookbinder, of London, received payments for binding and repairing the book of *Domesday*, embracing the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. A vote of thanks having been proposed to the Master of the Rolls, to Sir Henry James, for his kindness in permitting this early communication of the discovery, and to Mr. Burt, Professor Donaldson then called upon Mr. Digby Wyatt, who proceeded to discourse upon that portion of the special subjects of the occasion, which related to textile manufactures and ancient embroideries. He gave a very instructive and interesting sketch of the origin and progress of weaving from the most remote periods. The art must have been found indispensable even in the rude infancy of ancient nations. Various ingenious expedients had been devised in the use of the papyrus and other materials. Previously to the invention of tissues, the first attempts to produce any ornamental enrichment in textile-works appear to be found amongst the Egyptians. The countries of the East had, however, gained pre-eminent celebrity in the production of the loom and of the needle, from a very early age. Mr. Wyatt entered into curious details regarding the production of rich tissues in India, Persia, and other Asiatic countries; the history of the application of silk to the purposes of such decorations; the erroneous notions long prevalent amongst the nations of classical times in reference to the origin and production of that precious material. He alluded to the great estimation in which silk was held by the Romans, the importation of silkworms from China by Justinian, and the lucrative monopoly established by that Emperor. He then proceeded to the principal facts connected with the history of textile arts, drawn from the history of Charlemagne—the rich presents sent to him by the Caliphs, the imperial vestures discovered in his tomb, and preserved at Vienna; and he gave certain curious details concerning the early production of very costly tissues at Bagdad, Damascus, &c., doubtless with silk obtained from China. These precious works of the Oriental loom were occasionally introduced into our own country. Charlemagne sent sumptuous tissues to one of the Anglo-Saxon kings; and it is recorded that St. Wilfrid brought various splendid textile works from Rome. The most remarkable existing specimens are, doubtless, the vestments found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert at Durham, and probably, in part, of his time. Mr. Wyatt then noticed the influence of the manufactures established in Sicily by the Norman king Roger in the eleventh century, when he brought thither Greek artists, whose skill appears to have been very great. The exquisite productions of the Saracen artificers in Spain were also described; an Oriental character of design, and even imitations of Cufic and Arabian inscriptions are often found in the various

early tissues, which are mostly productions of the loom, not needlework. After tracing the progress of the manufacture in later periods and various countries, Mr. Wyatt proceeded to point out the chief peculiarities or features of interest in the numerous woven or embroidered works exhibited to the meeting, and with which the walls were nearly covered. At the close of Mr. Wyatt's very interesting lecture, Professor Donaldson, in conveying to him the thanks of the meeting, made some remarks on the prevalence of rich manufactures in the East, of which he had noticed examples in his recent expedition.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON., APR. 15.—*Royal United Service Institution*, 8½.—Lieut. Doul, R.A., on the Principles of Fortification applied to existing Arms, &c.
- TUES., APR. 16.—*Ethnological Society*, 8½.—On the Indian Tribes North-west of the Boundary Line, as seen by Captain Palliser's Expedition; by James Hector, M.D., and W. S. W. Vaux, M.A.
- Statistical Society*, 8.—On the Fallacy of Mr. Warburton's Argument in Favour of an Indiscriminating Income Tax; by W. L. Sargent, Esq.
- Institute of Civil Engineers*, 8.—On the Floating Railway at the Forth and Tay Ferries; by Mr. William Hall, Assoc. Inst.C.E.
- WED., APR. 17.—*British Meteorological Society*.—Meeting of Council.
- Society of Arts*, 8.—Mr. J. Crawford on Cotton Supply.
- THUR., APR. 18.—*Society of Antiquaries*, 8½.—*Linnæan Society*, 8.—J. D. Macdonald, Esq., R.N., on the Circulation of the Blood in *Pecten*.—J. D. Macdonald, Esq., R.N., on the Physiology of the Pallial Sinuses of the Brachiopoda.
- Royal Society*, 8½.—*Chemical*, 8.—On the Application of Electricity to the Explosion of Gunpowder; by Professor Abel.
- FRI., APRIL 19.—*Royal United Service Institution*, 3.—Commander Robert Scott, R.N., on Naval Ordnance and Maritime Defence.
- SAT., APRIL 20.—*Royal Asiatic Society*, 3.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

- Tuesday, April 16, Three o'clock.—Professor Owen on Fishes.
- Thursday, April 18, Three o'clock.—Professor Tyndall on Voltaic Electricity.
- Friday, April 19, Eight o'clock.—John Ruskin, Esq., on Tree Twigs.
- Saturday, April 20, Three o'clock.—Max Müller, Esq., on the Science of Language.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

OXFORD, April 11.

THE Term was formally opened on Tuesday by the Latin sermon at St. Mary's, preached on this occasion by the Rev. E. T. Turner, of Brasenose College. One by one men are dropping in, and before next week every college will be full; more than full indeed, for the Summer Term, with its varied delights, brings up numbers of half-forgotten sons to their *Alma Mater*. Even those whose delicate state of health, or the urgency of whose private affairs robs the University of their presence during the duller months, are generally cured, or relieved from care, for a time between the 15th of April and the 12th of June. Yesterday the new Proctors entered upon their duties, and got through the first, and let us hope the most disagreeable, of them, viz. that of listening to a Latin speech in Convocation House from the senior of the outgoing pair. So short a time will elapse before we are again dissolved, that the unfortunate victims who are to pass some of their summer days in the schools will find their misery begin at once, Saturday being the last day for receiving names for the second public examination, *alias* "greats." As yet nothing of any great importance is stirring here, but I suppose the Gladstone question will be the first to agitate men's minds in council, common-room, union, or any other gathering. To prophesy in the case would be useless until something definite is elicited from Mr. Gladstone himself; but of the many candidates named, should the seat become vacant, Mr. Roundell Palmer's chance looks

best. It is far from impossible, however, that Christ Church may search her lists for some unhonoured, degenerate, perhaps rusticated one, but still noble "alumnus," who might consent to forgive and forget the wrong done him by the undiscerning University, and be reconciled with her.

The Oriel Fellowship was filled up on Friday last, the choice of the college falling on Mr. R. S. Wright, of Balliol College. A rumour had prevailed that this gentleman's views would stand in the way of his success. Either he or the Fellows must, however, have waived their scruples, supposing that any ever existed. Mr. Wright obtained a first-class in Classics in the first public examination, and the same in the second; he also took the Latin verse prize in 1859. Ever since Signor Aurelio Saffi left Oxford to assist in liberating his native land, the duties of the Taylorian teacher of Italian have been discharged by a deputy. It appears, however, that Signor Saffi, though from what the papers have said he is not perfectly content, is still sufficiently happy in re-nascent Italy to renounce any further exile. The post which he held here will therefore be given to some one else, and all who wish to stand for it must make their applications before the 2nd of next month. The election will take place on the 16th.

An event far from academical has been perhaps the greatest cause for excitement during the vacation: I mean the City Rifle Corps ball. This came off with great *clat* on the 4th. Very few University men were present, from all accounts; and perhaps it was with a view of avoiding the honour of their company that the affair was fixed for the vacation. Another fact in the town-history is of sufficient general interest to be here recorded. The representatives of the town, and those of the agricultural interests of the neighbourhood, have been for months debating as to the desirability and expediency of erecting a Corn Exchange, and should it prove desirable and expedient so to do, as to the site on which it should be raised. After committees, &c., &c., had been at work, a meeting was held last week, in which both questions were definitely settled. A Corn Exchange is to be built at an expense of £2500, and a yearly rent not exceeding £125 to be paid to the town for its use. The site is to be the piece of ground attached to the present Town Hall. There had been some expectation that a handsome building might have been got up, to atone, in some measure, for the wretched thing they call a Town Hall; but if this same Town Hall is to serve as a screen for the new Exchange, what it will be like it is difficult to imagine.

The *Guardian* has published, I observe, a sort of essay on the state of opinion in Oxford as to the questions raised by the *Essays and Reviews*. In spite of his preamble and promises, the writer falls into the very error he condemns, and gives a one-sided sketch, like the *Westminster* and *Saturday Review*. It is, as he says, really an impossibility for one man to represent the great variety of views on these subjects which are held by men of different ages and different "sets" up here. He apparently avoids the difficulty by giving a picture of those who hold none. The class of men who take their opinions on matters such as these from the *Times* and the University Sermons, are not to be much dreaded; and in "cutting the plant" of unbelief from their intellects, the University preachers have, we fear, been reaping where neither they nor any one else ever sowed. By the way, I hear that sceptical England will not be converted till October: I mean, that *Aids to Faith* will not come out before then.

Pembroke advertises four scholarships, worth £70 per annum, tenable for five years, and three of £80 for four years. These are to be given away on the 4th of June, and candidates must be under twenty years of age, and are required to call on the Master on the 3rd.

Two scholarships of £80, and two of £73, will be filled up at Brasenose in Act Term. Candidates must call on the Principal on the 28th of May. The limitation of age is the same as at Pembroke.

The Degree days for the ensuing term will be April 10th, May 2nd, 10th, and 18th.

I fear that, in a previous letter, I have maligned two future institutions of Oxford: firstly, the coming monthly periodical, which is to be *Great*, and not *Old Tom*; secondly, the church in St. Giles's, which

shows symptoms now of a rapid growth in every part, save the spire: the western porch has been built during the vacation.

According to the local papers, the Radley affair is being, or has been, formally investigated under the direction of Mr. Hubbard, M.P., a creditor to a very large amount. Whether this be true, and whether, if it be, the results will be made public, I cannot say.

CAMBRIDGE, April 10.

The business of Easter Term has commenced in earnest. Amongst other symptoms I may mention that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales arrived at Maddingly on Monday afternoon, though some of the students are not expected until the end of the week; and that the Voluntary Theological Examination will terminate to-morrow.

I regret to say that the Professor of Botany has been compelled to defer the delivery of his lectures on account of illness.

Professor Willis will deliver Sir Robert Rede's lecture, on the 14th of May, in the Senate-house; the subject selected being the Social and Architectural History of Trinity College, from the foundation of King's Hall and Michael-house to the present time.

A letter has been addressed by Lord John Russell to His Royal Highness the Prince Chancellor, stating that he shall have great pleasure to include in the list of candidates for the appointment of Student Interpreter in China or Japan, the names of any three gentlemen of the University whom his Royal Highness or the Vice-Chancellor may recommend. The salary assigned to the office is at the rate of £200, and the candidates must be between sixteen and twenty years of age.

The upper roof of King's College Chapel, it appears, requires extensive repairs, if not entire reconstruction. Some merriment has been excited by a rumour that one of the proposals which are under consideration is to substitute a roof of iron and glass, *a la* Crystal Palace! Ridiculous as it will doubtless seem to your readers, I am well assured that it is founded on fact.

Dr. Fisher has notified his intention of resigning the post of physician to Addenbrooke's Hospital next midsummer, at which time he will have held the appointment for upwards of sixteen years. This step he has considered advisable to take in consequence of his onerous duties, both as a medical practitioner and as Bursar of Downing College. A special Court will be held on the 13th of May, for the election of his successor. At present I hear of only two candidates, Dr. Haviland and Dr. Bayes, the latter gentleman being of the homeopathic persuasion.

The Right Rev. Thomas Dealtry, Bishop of Madras, died at that place on the 4th of March, being under sixty years of age. He was formerly a member of St. Catherine's College, in this University, having commenced his academical course later in life than is customary. In 1828 he went out L.L.B., being placed in the first class of the civil law tripos. For some time he was curate of St. Mary the Less, in this town, and soon acquired so much popularity that he was removed to a wider sphere of action, principally, it is said, through the influence of the famous Simeon, who, with his many virtues, had the weakness of being somewhat jealous of the reputation of others. He was appointed Archdeacon of Calcutta in 1835, and held the post for upwards of thirteen years. On resigning it he returned to this country, and in 1849 was appointed to the bishopric of Madras.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

April 10th, 1861.

Sir,—In reference to your notice of Mr. MacArthur's "warning" to institutions, I assure you the grievance is not an imaginary one, for the Elocution Class here has had to satisfy the demands of the Dramatic Authors' Society by payment, and are threatened with informations and penalties by the solicitor of the well-known manager, Mr. Webster. Complaint has also been made to the Lord Chamberlain.

In consequence of these hostile proceedings, elocutionary and other entertainments where characters are represented have been relinquished.

Sir G. Lewis has promised to introduce a Bill in Parliament for the regulation of entertainments, which the committees of Institutions would do well to watch.

Yours respectfully,

D. FRANCIS, Secretary.

Beaumont Institution, Beaumont Square, Mile End, E.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It would be impertinent to guess at the quality of the pictures which on Monday and Tuesday last were sent to the rooms at Trafalgar Square; but it is only gratifying a laudable curiosity to let the public know some of those who did, and some who did not, send pictures. It is said that Ward sent a large picture—a court scene—the subject taken from Macaulay's description of the death of Charles II.; and Elmore two small pictures—one an incident in the misery of Marie Antoinette, the other from the conclusion of the Civil War in 1651; that Phillips sent a small Spanish picture; and O'Neil, A.R.A., an emigrant ship; that Hunt sent four or five pictures, four landscapes, and the Lantern-maker's Courtship, a scene in the East; that Solomon sent two pictures—one from Molière, the other a domestic incident in French life; and the younger brother, and Miss Solomon, are both likely to be represented. We hear that Hook sent three of his sea subjects, and Andsell a large slave-hunt, besides some smaller pictures; that Oakes sent one large landscape, which is highly spoken of, and some smaller pictures. Horsley sent a large picture of the Prodigal Son, and Macallum some landscapes, &c. Alexander Johnston has, we believe, sent an incident from the life of Bunyan and a smaller picture, and Faed a new reading of the Seven Ages of Man. Roberts is said to have sent, among others, a view of London; and Mrs. Hay is reported to have painted a picture of extraordinary power for a lady. From Scotland there are not many pictures, the principal being the portraits by Sir John Watson Gordon, and among these are the late James Wilson, Professor Forbes, the Hon. Mr. Boyle, and a head of a celebrated northern agriculturist. We believe Mr. Walter Paton has also sent two pictures—a large landscape and a smaller; and some of the younger ones have "tried their luck,"—with what success remains to be seen. Frith and several of the other Royal Academicians send nothing, while others will be represented by very small works, so that this year, more than for several years past, a large share of the glories of "the line" will be available for the works of outsiders. The English artists not resident in London have, we believe, mustered in force, among whom the Linnells are said to distinguish themselves. Of course, the old favourites, Landseer, Stanfield, Pickersgill, and their compeers, will all be more or less present; and although the area of canvas covered by the members of the Royal Academy be found a smaller average for each, yet there is every prospect of a very good exhibition, "the Kensington set" being particularly strong, among whose pictures may be mentioned three by Cope, and one, an incident in the life of George Stephenson, by Rankley, while Grant, Knight, and others may be depended on for at least the average number of portraits.

ARCHITECTURAL UNION.—The Exhibition of the Architectural Union was opened in the rooms at Conduit Street. The individual objects of which that exhibition is made up cannot vie in popular attraction with those exhibitions made up exclusively of pictures; but to many classes of the community the contents at Conduit Street are not only interesting, but very instructive. Among the elevations and other architectural drawings, there are many works of importance, so far as the cost of erection indicates importance; but it is difficult to discover anything like novelty, either in the general outlines or combination of details, so that many of

the best of the drawings look to the unprofessional eye like mere repetition of what the public are already familiar with. There is a large and substantial design of an hotel now being erected at Malvern (No. 73 of the Catalogue), by Mr. E. W. Elmslie, which has the appearance of utility and adaptation to the purpose for which the structure is intended,—a rare merit in all things, but especially in architecture, and the want of which is the most remarkable feature in a large number of the designs exhibited. For instance, Mr. Alfred Else sends in a design for the Mechanics' Institution at Leeds, which looks more like a mediæval meeting-house than a hall in which the artisans of the West Riding are to receive instruction in the learning of this nineteenth century. A large drawing of Lincoln Cathedral, by Mr. J. Spence Hardy, is a respectable reproduction of that great structure; and a dear and clear drawing is No. 107, by Mr. Cuthbert Brodriek—a design for the Midland Hotel, Leeds. There are some good outline sketches and designs, among which are No. 113, a drawing in pencil, of Salisbury Cathedral, by Walter Robinson; and No. 122, a number of buildings in Normandy, by J. H. Parker, and one of the most interesting frames in the rooms. No. 140 contains six subjects, by various draughtsmen, including Sir James Thornhill, Cotman and Harry Oliver. Mr. G. Goldie has a considerable number of very creditable drawings, and so have Mr. Street and others, of the sketchy, clever, pen-and-ink school, and whose subjects are confined to Gothic. There seems a striking want of what may be called important domestic subjects, and, with one or two exceptions, what are exhibited are not very startling. There is, however, nothing merely claptrap about the drawings as a whole, and the overwhelming proportion of them are being or are to be constructed. There is a number of interesting photographs, both of subjects and details, and some illustrations by Owen Jones, which will repay attention.

Besides the drawings, there is an extensive and instructive collection of articles suitable for building purposes. These include cements, patent stone, of imperishable and other qualities, from Ransome; ornamental tile pavement, in great variety and by a great many makers, among whom Minton occupies the most space on the walls; closets, lavatories, &c., principally by Tyler and Sons, Warwick Lane; door-locks and furniture; substitutes for marble and ornamental wood, with a considerable variety of mediæval metal-work. Altogether, the Exhibition, although containing nothing very novel, contains much from which practical minds will extract useful information.

FINE ARTS SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening Mr. Ottley delivered a lecture on Italian Art, to the members of this society, of a most interesting character. The lecture was illustrated by an ample collection of prints from the old masters. The chair was filled by Mr. Hurlstone, and the lecturer concluded his discourse amidst great applause. We understand that the conversation, under the auspices of this society, at the Mansion House, next month, promises to be a very brilliant affair.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts will hold a conversation at the Suffolk Street Gallery, on Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

The three representations of "Le Prophète" last week have this week been succeeded by "Rigoletto" and "La Favorita." Of "Rigoletto," the weakest of all Verdi's weak operas, little need be said with reference to its merits as a musical composition; the quartet in the third act,—

"Bella figlia dell'amore,
Schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi;
Con un detto sol tu puoi
Le mie pene consolar.
Vieni, e senti del mio core
Il frequente palpitar."

being the only piece of any consideration in the

opinion of connoisseurs; and the hackneyed "La donna è mobile," the favourite with the less discriminating, though more enthusiastic amateurs. As a drama, it presents many points of interest, none of which are likely to be lost in the hands of so accomplished a musician and artist as Ronconi, who, in the character of *Rigoletto*, the Duke's unwilling jester and buffoon, is literally the soul of the play throughout. Madame Miolan-Carvalho made her first appearance in the character of *Gilda*, the daughter of the buffoon, and the object of the Duke's unlawful attachment, and was warmly welcomed by the audience; her clear soprano voice rings out in the above-mentioned quartet, without at the same time claiming any undue predominance. Signor Neri-Baraldi had a difficult task to undertake in assuming the rôle of the gay, licentious, yet refined and courteous Duke, after that part had been so admirably filled by Mario; but, nevertheless, he acquitted himself to the complete satisfaction of the audience, who more than once testified their approbation of his successful enactment of the part. The character of *Maddalena*, the bravo's sister, was taken by Mme. Nautier-Didié, who also made her first appearance here this season.

The representation of "La Favorita," on Thursday evening, was chiefly remarkable for the debut on our English boards of the new tenor, Signor Tiberini, who has already acquired a reputation on the Continent both as an actor and a singer. The rôle of *Ferdinando* is not one that requires dramatic power of the highest quality for its rendering, although, in the hands of an artist, much may be made of some of the situations in the drama. In the first act, where *Ferdinando*, on the point of entering the cloister as a professed monk, once more turns his eye on the world and its pleasures, and confesses his love of an unknown beauty, by whose side he has worshiped at the altar—in the same act, where finding his pleading with *Leonora* unsuccessful on account of some hidden cause, he departs to the battle-field to forget his sorrows and win renown;—in the third act where he returns to the court victorious, and receives from the King *Alphonso* himself the hand of *Leonora* as his bride, ignorant of her previous relations with the King;—in the same act, where the fatal discovery is made, and after renouncing with indignation the honours with which he had been loaded by his sovereign, he once more returns to the cloister, as a refuge from his earthly woes—in the fourth act, where *Leonora*, before expiring at the foot of the cross, comes to implore the forgiveness of her lover,—in all these situations Signor Tiberini displayed considerable dramatic power, and showed a thoroughly painstaking and conscientious zeal in producing legitimate effect. With regard to the vocal part of his performance, his voice seems one of full round quality, such as is found nowhere but in the south; but his great strength lies in the upper part of his register, the notes of which, produced with ease, are remarkably sweet and clear. His great triumph on Thursday evening was in the Romanza, at the commencement of the fourth act (p. 52):—

"Angiol d'amore... il cor che geme...
Colei che amal... creder mi fe...
Soave error... mentita speme,
Fuggite omai... lontan da me,"

which he was called upon to repeat. Throughout the performance Signor Tiberini was welcomed with the utmost favour, and was recalled before the curtain on more occasions than one. Altogether, his debut may be considered highly successful. Mlle. Csillag personated *Leonora*, the mistress of the King—the lover of the warrior; but we cannot consider this as one of her best characters, though in the fourth and concluding act she seemed to make some amends for her supineness in the previous portions of the opera. The part of *Alphonso*, the King, was admirably represented by M. Faure; and M. Zelger enacted the occasionally prominent part of *Baldassare*, the chief of the monks. With regard to the instrumental part of both the above operas, "La Favorita" and "Rigoletto," the splendid execution of the band, under Mr. Costa, leaves nothing to be desired. "Favorita" is to be performed again this evening.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The series of Monday Popular Concerts, temporarily suspended on account of the death of the Duchess of Kent and the festivities of the Easter week, was once more resumed last Monday; the concert of that evening, the fifty-seventh of the series, being for the benefit of Mr. Charles Hallé, one of our most highly esteemed performers of classical pianoforte music.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Quartette in E major (Op. 59)	Haydn.
Song, "Now summer hath departed"	Dussek.
Song, "Dalla sua pace"	Mozart.
Sonata Appassionata (Op. 57)	Beethoven.

PART II.

Sonata in F (Op. 24, for violin and pianoforte)	Beethoven.
Song, "The Hunter's Song"	Mendelssohn.
Impromptu in B flat	Schubert.
Valse in A flat	Chopin.
Song, "Ave Maria"	Schubert.
Quartett in G minor	Mozart.

Although there was little or no novelty in the programmes, the mere fact of its being Mr. Hallé's benefit night was in itself enough to draw a crowded audience some time before the performance began, and those who arrived a little later were content to get such accommodation as could be had, where every available nook and corner was filled up. Mr. Hallé, on his entrance, was greeted with loud and long-continued applause, a testimony alike to his personal character and his artistic proficiency. Mr. Sims Reeves sang in his very best style on this occasion, and in the second song, the "Jagdlid," Mendelssohn's Op. 84, consented to the *encore* so unanimously demanded; and Mr. Charles Hallé and M. Vieuxtemps were compelled to make a similar concession to the wishes of the audience in the playful scherzo from the Sonata in F major. Mozart's pianoforte quartett, perfectly unrivalled as a chamber composition, though composed so long ago as the year 1785, was played in a manner befitting its high qualities, and was attentively listened to by the audience, who on this occasion showed no anxiety to quit the hall and leave the last piece, like an organist's concluding voluntary, unheard and disregarded. Two of the songs, "Now Summer hath departed" and "Ave Maria," were omitted, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Banks, who was to have undertaken them. At the next concert, Mendelssohn's Grand Ottett in E flat, Op. 20, and Spohr's Double Quartett in E minor, Op. 87, will constitute prominent features in the programme.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Of all the concerts given by this Society, now in the third year of its existence, that which came off on Wednesday evening may, without exception, be called the finest, both on account of the sterling materials of which the programme was formed, and the brilliant manner in which the whole was executed. The Society already numbers fifteen hundred members, and there is no doubt that it would soon include twice as many, could the Hall contain so great a number. To judge from appearances, we should say that the whole body of subscribers, fellows, and associates were present, so full was every part. The programme we subjoin:—

PART I.

Cantata, "The Walpurgis Night" (Op. 60)	Mendelssohn.
Concerto in C (Pianoforte)	Mozart.

PART II.

Symphony in B flat (Op. 60)	Beethoven.
Scena, "Si lo sento" ("Faust")	Spohr.
Trio, "A Father's gaze I dare not meet"	Barnett.
("Fair Rosamond")	Macfarren.
Overture ("Chevy Chase")	Macfarren.

The execution of Mendelssohn's cantata was superb, both the chorus and the orchestra rendering their respective parts to perfection. How much of this was due to the executants themselves, and how much to Mr. Alfred Mellon, we need not stop to inquire; but the readers of this journal will not require to be reminded how persistently we have always advocated Mr. Mellon's claims to pre-eminence as an orchestral conductor. Beethoven's magnificent symphony, all the more welcome for being so seldom performed, was executed with all the precision, the

warmth, and the colouring that the grand works of this master imperatively demand; and the exquisite Adagio in E flat, most exquisitely rendered, was almost *encored*. Mr. John Francis Barnett's execution of Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto was such as to place him at once amongst the higher ranks of our professional musicians. As we shall probably have an opportunity of hearing him again before long, we will reserve any critical remarks that we may have to make for that occasion. Miss Louisa Pyne sang the Scena from "Faust" with her usual sweetness and perfect intonation, and was associated with Mr. Perren and Mr. Weiss in the melodious Trio from the opera of "Fair Rosamond," the composition of our first dramatic composer, John Barnett. Those who preferred staying to the end of the performance were amply rewarded by hearing Mr. Macfarren's spirited Overture, a work which deserves to be much oftener performed than it is, for its thoroughly national character and intrinsic beauty.

OLYMPIC.

"The Little Rebel," as the new adaptation from the French by Stirling Coyne, Esq., produced at the Olympic, is entitled, is a not unpleasant little bagatelle. Its chief point consists in the opportunity it affords for the excellent acting of Miss Louise Keeley. This young lady may now, we suppose, claim a place in the foremost ranks of our dancing *soubrettes*, and in parts where considerable vivacity or *mutinerie* is required, we should scarcely know where to find her equal. As a singer her voice is very clear, powerful, and well-trained. In "The Little Rebel" Miss Keeley personates a young lady fresh from boarding-school. She is the daughter of a mother who, left a widow at an early age, is yet far from believing that the period is arrived at which her charms commence to lose their power. The daughter has made two conquests, while at school at Brighton: the one a young gentleman of nearly her own age, and the other an old retired India merchant, admirably played by Mr. H. Wigan. It happens that the mother misinterprets the object of the visits of the younger of the two lovers, which she supposes intended for herself, and, flattered at this proof of the power still possessed by her somewhat mature charms, she persists, in spite of the tears of her daughter, in dressing her in the short white frock and trousers appropriated to early school-days. By this means she hopes to conceal the real age of her daughter, which is seventeen, and fearlessly asserts it is only thirteen. All these precautions are, however, vain. The juvenile pair are caught making love to each other, and the mother determines to get rid of her youthful rival, dangerous in spite of her costume, by marrying her to the old merchant, whose proposal she had before rejected with scorn. In this emergency the school-girl dress becomes useful to *Laura*, for so is the young lady named. She seizes hold of her astonished admirer, and insists upon his joining her in all her hoydenish romps; and after she has led him a weary and painful dance through every variety of amusement incident to girlhood, including a warm breathing on the skipping-rope, in which he acquits himself admirably, he owns at last that the match is rather ill-assorted, and ultimately the young lady is joined to her younger adorer, and, as might be expected, the older couple pair off together also. The piece had little in it worthy of notice, except the acting. Miss Keeley's appearance in her juvenile costume was very amusing.

HAYMARKET.

It is a long time since we have witnessed a revival in every point so judicious, so successful, and so meritorious as that of the old melodrama of "The Miller and his Men," which has been produced at the Haymarket. Our readers will probably remember the plot. A band of robbers have taken a mill in Bohemia, on the estate of Count Friberg, and under the disguise of millers pursue their depredations in safety until, by the bold enterprise of a young peasant, they are all blown up, together with the mill which has been the scene of their revelry and crimes. The incidents are all of a purely melodramatic nature, and afford little scope for acting, save of the most ordinary kind; the character of *Karl*, the

Count of Friberg's servant, well sustained by Mr. Compton, perhaps alone excepted. The light, appropriate, and familiar music by Sir Henry Bishop, constitutes the chief attraction. Mr. Buckstone has put this piece upon the stage with an excellent cast, with an efficient orchestra, and with the most admirable scenic effects. The scene of the robbers' cave, with the cascade, was very beautiful; and the destruction of the mill by the explosion of the powder magazine, was startlingly real. There was an additional chorus, and a Bohemian dance introduced by Mr. D. Spillan, which were quite in keeping with the whole of the piece. Altogether, "The Miller and his Men" is likely to prove a considerable attraction to the lovers either of spectacle or of music.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, together with the old favourite, John Parry, are now giving a new and most amusing entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street. The libretto is from the competent pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks, and the very pretty decorations by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin; and altogether the amusement afforded is equal to that we derive from entertainments of infinitely greater pretensions. Mr. and Mrs. Reed are well known and favourably received by crowded audiences; and John Parry—we leave out the Mr. before this favourite name—is one of the best and most kindly remembered of the many who, after the example of the late Charles Mathews, gave a whole evening's amusement by their own unassisted efforts. John Parry's fun was always gentle, quiet, and still mirth-moving; his manners were easy and gentlemanly; and his touch upon the pianoforte was one which many a professor might have envied, and which, had he cultivated music alone, would, we think, have achieved him a decided success. Such was John Parry when we first knew him, and such, we are happy to say, is he now, when, after an absence sufficiently long to have witnessed the loss of many familiar and valued faces from the boards, he has reappeared amongst us, sure of a hearty welcome.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The officers of the French army of occupation at Rome are undertaking amateur performances at the Apollo Theatre. The proceeds are to be devoted to the relief of the Roman poor. If open mendicancy can be taken as a sign of poverty, the charity of these amateurs will have a gulf to fill up wider than that into which Curtius leaped.

The renowned double-bass player Bottesini is at present residing at Leghorn, and engaged in the composition of an opera, "Marion Delorme," the libretto of which is by Ghislanzoni.

The musical season at the Scala, Milan, commences at the end of the present month, and will comprise thirty operatic performances.

A new opera, "Le Siège de Calais," the composition of M. Charles Hannsens, has been successfully produced at Brussels; the libretto is by M. E. Wacken, whose premature decease we have recorded in another part of our columns.

Sebastian Bach's oratorio, "The Passion of our Lord," has been performed with unusual success at Cologne.

The first representation of Royer's new opera, "La Statue," has been unavoidably delayed at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in consequence of the indisposition of Mlle. Barette.

Mlle. Trebelli, a young French *artiste* possessing a mezzo-contralto voice of considerable power, has made a very successful *début* at the Théâtre Italien, Paris; in the second act of the "Barbière" she executed with marvellous facility Malibran's variations on Paisiello's air from "La Molinara"—

"Nel cor più non mi sento."

This is not her first appearance in Paris, as she had previously undertaken the character of *Rosina*, at the Opéra Comique. Mlle. Trebelli is a pupil of

Wartel, and is Italian in name only. Her next rôle will be that of *Arsace*, in "Semiramide."

The Emperor and Empress of the French were both present at the first representation of a new comedy by M. Ernest Legouvé; it is in one act, and is entitled, "Un Jeune Homme qui ne fait Rien." A passage in which one personage is addressed by another in these words—

"Faites-vous orateur: c'est le moment,"

was much applauded, as containing a supposed allusion to Prince Napoleon's recent oratorical display.

A series of dramatic representations is about to be given in the Théâtre du Parc, Brussels, by the celebrated French actress, Mme. Doche.

Mme. Schumann and Signor Sivioli were both seen performing to crowded audiences at Brussels during the last fortnight. The accomplished lady pianiste had the assistance of M. Léonard (violin) and M. Servais (violinello) at her last performance.

The feast of the Annunciation was celebrated at Paris, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, by a performance of a Mass (the composition of M. Gastinel) by the members of the Society of Musicians, under the direction of M. Deloffro. The Mass was preceded by a Marche Religieuse of Adolphe Adam, with an obligato accompaniment of harps. During the offertory, M. Alard executed an *andante* of Mozart on the violin. The proceeds of the performance were devoted to the benefit of the Musical Artists' Fund.

Mme. Guillemin, a well-known actress at the Opéra Comique, Paris, has retired from the stage, after devoting fifty years of her life to her profession. A benefit night, on one evening last week, was accorded to her, on which occasion some of the principal actors from the Grand Opéra, Théâtre Français, Vaudeville, and Palais Royal, gave their gratuitous services.

Insanity would seem to be hereditary in the family of Donizetti, who was himself in a state of mental aberration during the last years of his life. A Constantinople paper informs us that the nephew of the illustrious composer, ex-Director of Music to the Sultan, is also stricken with the same sad malady.

M. Edouard Wacken, the author of *André Chenier* and other remarkable works, who occupies so distinguished a place amongst the poets of Belgium, died at Brussels last week. He did not live to see the success of his last new work, the poem of *The Siege of Calais*, which was brought out as an opera, the music by M. Charles Hannsens, during the present week at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie.

Italian journals announce the death, at Ovieto, of a well-known comic singer, M. Frezzolini, father of the celebrated actress of the same name.

Mme. Prevost, once a performer of note at the Opéra Comique, is dead, aged fifty-eight. Her daughter is married to M. Montaubry, the tenor singer at that theatre.

The last performances of Wallace's opera, "The Amber Witch," have taken place at Drury Lane this week. The reason assigned for its discontinuance is the unavoidable absence of Mr. Santley.

Yesterday evening, Beethoven's Mass in D (or "Service," as it is puritanically styled by the magnates of the Sacred Harmonic Society,) was executed at Exeter Hall. The solo parts were entrusted to Mmes. Rudersdoff and Sainton-Dolby, and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Lewis Thomas.

The first concert of the Musical Union, under the direction of Mr. Ella, came off on Tuesday afternoon last. As it presented no novelty, either in the programme or in the roll of executants, we need do no more than record it.

A musical lecture, by the Rev. E. Cox, was given on Thursday evening last at the Marylebone Institution. Mr. Cox is well known to the profession as one of our most talented musical critics.

Although Her Majesty's Theatre is to remain closed during the present season, the vocal talents of

some of the leading *artistes* of that establishment will not be wholly lost to the public, as the Directors of the Crystal Palace have, with their usual promptitude, secured the services of Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Giuglini for their series of Friday concerts. At the grand performance of the "Creation," on the 1st of May, Herr Formes is expected to take part; and, for the first time in this country, Mlle. Tietjens is to sing in this oratorio. The band and chorus, three thousand in all, will be under the direction of Mr. Costa.

One of the most interesting of musical events during this season will be the series of Beethoven Recitals by Mr. Charles Hallé. The performances, eight in number, will commence on Friday, May 17, and the programmes will consist exclusively of the sonatas composed by Beethoven for pianoforte, without accompaniments. Two vocal pieces will be introduced at each of the eight performances, to relieve the monotony likely to arise from performances on one instrument only. As Mr. Hallé has engaged the large hall at St. James's for the purpose, we presume that he calculates upon a tolerably large audience of amateurs and connoisseurs; and in this calculation we trust he may not be disappointed, as the enterprise is one in every way adapted to the promotion and extension of true Art.

There has been some talk in Paris about giving a fourth representation of the "Tannhäuser;" and it is even suggested that means may be found of getting the opera performed at some other theatre in Paris, where it is likely to meet with a more impartial audience.

On Monday last, at the Grand Opéra, Paris, Mme. Gueymard-Lauters undertook, for the first time, the part of *Valentine*, in the "Huguenots," with tolerable success.

A new work, from the pen of the celebrated M. Odilon Barrot, has appeared in Paris. It is entitled *De la Centralisation et de ses Effets*.

The historian, Capéfigue, has issued a new work, which he entitles *Le Cardinal Dubois et la Cour de Philippe d'Orléans, Régent de France*.

The enthusiasm excited by Ristori in Paris, so far from abating, only increases in fervour. The Théâtre de l'Odéon has never known a similar excitement, and the daily applications for seats are more than double the number the house can supply. The receipts average over 4500 francs nightly.

The "Tour de Nesle" is revived at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, with some alterations from the original cast. The Ambigu-Comique has in rehearsal two revivals, "Atar Gull" and "Angèle," the latter one of Dumas' earlier dramas.

We may remind our musical readers that a performance of Herr Molique's oratorio "Abraham" will take place at Exeter Hall on Wednesday next.

MISCELLANEA.

Although there would appear to be almost a lull in the excitement about *Essays and Reviews*, probably whilst English Christendom is waiting for Aids to its faith, there is still a faint effort to keep the ball rolling; and amongst other announcements we perceive one of *Theological Tracts for the Times*, designed for the *Defence of the Doctrines of our Orthodox Christianity*. The first batch of the series will (of course) have to do specially with the subjects treated of in *Essays and Reviews*, and are to be as follows:—1. The World at School; or, Education and Development. 2. The Supernatural in Christianity. 3. The Historical Veracity of the Bible. 4. Biblical Interpretation. 5. The Evidence of Miracles. 6. The Evidence of Prophecy.

Mr. Quaritch, of Piccadilly, has issued a catalogue of books which will prove very interesting to the Oriental scholar. It contains a large number of scarce and valuable books selected from the library of the late Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, H. Hayman Wilson, Esq.

It was announced at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening last, that M. Du Chaillu's gorillas, together with other animals and collections, would be ready for the inspection of the Fellows and their friends after Thursday, the 11th inst.

A general meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society was held in the new Council-room, at the Gardens, South Kensington, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., for the election of Fellows, and ballot for plants; Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, V.P., in the chair. Seventy-eight new Fellows were elected, among whom were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Edward Thynne, the Dowager Lady Talbot de Malahide, Lady Rothschild, Lady Cotton Sheppard, the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, &c. Fifty rare and valuable plants were then balloted for.

The special exhibition of Gems and Intaglios in connection with the Archaeological Institute is fixed for the 5th of June. At the meeting to be held on the 3rd of May, Mr. Burt will give a memoir, &c., on the Will of Henry VIII., touching on certain interesting questions connected with its authenticity.

We have to record the death of Robert Jamieson, Esq., the well-known patron and generous supporter of efforts made nearly a quarter of a century ago, to open up communication with the interior of Africa, for the purposes of commerce and civilization. He was of an advanced age at the time of his decease, which took place about a week ago at his residence, in Gloucester Square, Hyde Park. It was Mr. Jamieson who endeavoured to dissuade the Government from embarking in the unfortunate Niger expedition; and his advice and counsel were largely courted in regard to nearly every enterprise which had for its scope the spread of African civilization.

Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster and Recorder of Leeds, who died on the 5th instant, was formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1818 as sixteenth Senior Optime, and obtaining one of the Members' Prizes in the following year. His name is intimately connected with legal literature, he having for a long series of years been reporter of the Court of Queen's Bench, in conjunction with Mr. Adolphus, afterwards with Mr. Justice Blackburn, and latterly with his own son. He was executor of Lord Macaulay, and edited the two volumes of his miscellaneous works. Wanting the gift of oratory, Mr. Ellis's legal abilities were but little appreciated by the public at large. He was, however, a very profound and erudite lawyer, and in several great cases his having been retained was regarded as an important element of success by those best qualified to judge.

Messrs. Edward Moxon and Co. have in the press a new, revised, and illustrated edition of *Hints on Horsemanship to a Nephew and Niece; or, Common Sense and Common Error in Common Riding*; by Colonel George Greenwood, late Lieut.-Col. commanding 2nd Life Guards. The wood engravings, photographed from life, are illustrative of the management of the reins in accordance with the principles enunciated in the work.

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12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 6
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 6	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
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1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 6
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 2 6	0 3 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
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